

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 30, 1980

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10/83

Because this issue contains the first salvo of our 1980 America's Cup coverage—Coles Phenix's report on the American boats, beginning on page 28—we thought you might like to hear a little about the hand at the helm of our own Cup campaign. Senior Editor Julia Lamb was not, admittedly, born and raised within the sound of crashing breakers and mournful foghorns, though 11 years as our boating reporter, including four America's Cups, have given her a solid grounding in the sport. Lamb is a native of Michigan, N. Dak., a typical small farming town marked by grain elevators and a water tower rising above the rolling prairie. Michigan was founded and named by Lamb's great-grandparents, who trekked to the wilds of Dakota Territory about 100 years ago from, logically enough, the state of Michigan.

"My Michigan ancestors were freshwater sailors," says Lamb. "They sailed on freighters that plied the Great Lakes in the 19th century, hauling iron ore, grain, coal and timber between such ports as Duluth, Port Huron, Mich., Milwaukee and Sault Sainte Marie." Although Lamb's grandfather had served for a couple of years as a common seaman on a freighter captained by his uncle, the V.H. Ketcham—in 1870 the largest boat on the Great Lakes—his

nautical career was cut short when the family picked up stakes and headed for the grasslands of Dakota. Later in life, Grandfather Lamb became a banker, but he retained his interest in sailing and sometimes in the summer would take time off from the ledger books and deposit slips to sail a little catboat on Lake Loretta, a body of water a mile or two long, one of the glacial "pot-holes" that dot eastern North Dakota. Like most glacial lakes, Loretta lacked a steady source of fresh water and, thus, varied in size from year to year. "When a lot of snow fell the previous winter, the lake was big," says Lamb. "No snow, the lake was small and the sailing lousy. Some years the lake completely disappeared." But when conditions were right, on a warm summer's day Lamb's grandfather could be found tacking back and forth across Lake Loretta in the constant prairie wind.

Lamb's other major editing assignment is skiing, and in this regard her past has not been all clear sailing. She points out, "There's very little downhill in North Dakota. Or uphill, either." Lamb learned a lot on her first try at skiing some years ago, shortly after she moved East. Friends insisted that the best way for her to acquire an understanding of the sport was to ride to the top of a mountain and simply ski down. That seemed perfectly logical to Lamb, so she rode the lift to the top of Vermont's Mount Bromley, from where, she had been informed, one could see five states. Lamb missed the view. She tripped on her skis stepping out of the chair lift and fell on her face. "I struggled to my feet," she says, "and was knocked cold from behind by the next chair. Do I still ski now, you ask?"

Compared with that experience, handling this year's America's Cup coverage from behind a desk should be all downhill.

Philip D. Hawbert



OUT OF DAKOTA: DOWNHILL DOWNWIND

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"Do you know that your neighbors, working as volunteers, study human service needs and pat-

DR. LAIRD HAYES

HOME: Newport Beach, California

OCCUPATION: Associate dean of student affairs, professional model, and actor

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Recipient of the Outstanding Young Man of America Award (1977)

INTERESTS: Tennis, flying, distance running, golf, scuba diving and volunteering for United Way.

terns of service delivery in the community throughout the year? They review agency services and examine budgets. It's all done by volunteers to distribute contributions fairly and to support needed services.

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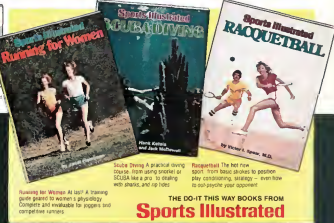
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by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

A PROGRAM FOR WOMEN ONLY* FOSTERS
SELF-RELIANCE IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

"The Indians knew how to live," a standard male belief in the West goes. "The women did all the work, while the men hunted and fished and enjoyed themselves."

Whether true of the Indians or not, that way of outdoor life is typical of many Americans these days. If wives, daughters or girl friends are included in outdoor excursions, they are often relegated to preparing meals, cleaning up around the camp and airing out the sleeping bags.

But a pair of Oregon women are doing something to change all that. Marcia Munson, 29, and Linda Besant, 32, head an organization called Keep Listening, which conducts backpacking trips, bicycling excursions, cross-country skiing lessons and snowshoe hikes, for women only, in the Pacific Northwest and Canada. As noted, if men are present, women tend to do chores, so Keep Listening tries to create situations where women will assume more responsibility, be more self-reliant.

Keep Listening (the name is from a poem about nature by Barbara Rosson) was formed in 1977 and is sponsored by the Women's Wilderness Institute Northwest, a nonprofit educational organization. The trips vary in focus, length and degree of difficulty.

A four-day backpacking trip for mothers, daughters and grandmothers is classed as easy—meaning that participants would be expected to hike four or five miles a day in about four hours. A strenuous week-long bicycle trip exploring the islands of southwest British Columbia would call for eight hours of travel a day, covering 40 miles. Other trips include Backpacking and Wilderness Photography (moderate—meaning six hours and seven miles a day hiking, or 25 miles a day bicycling) and Marine Biology and Bicycling (also moderate). There's a sliding fee scale for the trips, and those who sign up are more or less on their honor to pay what they can afford.

On camping trips, Keep Listening supplies everything but hiking boots, raincoats and flashlights. For bike trips, bring your own three-, five-, or 10-speed and your pannier bags. Food, according to Keep Listening's brochure, "includes nutritious, whole grain menus with enough variety to please the strict vegetarian or meat-and-sugar fan."

Women who would like to turn things around and leave the men at home to do some work can contact Keep Listening at P.O. Box 446, Sandy, Ore. 97055. (Phone, 503-239-6896 or 622-3895).

END

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—Donald G. Boudreau
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"MERIT MENTHOL is strong enough—most don't have a strong taste. MERIT does."

—Richard J. Fitzgerald
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—Mary Ellen Ryan
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"I've tried others and it weren't as good as MERIT MENTHOL. (And that's truth.)"

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"MERIT cigarettes are the best."

"MERIT 100's are the best. I've tried them and I liked them."

"Of all the lower ones, MERIT MENTHOL has the most taste. And I've tried a lot of menthol cigarettes."

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Tifton, Georgia

"I like the menthol taste. MERIT MENTHOL tastes better than any other I've tried. (Just a good satisfying cigarette—MERIT MENTHOL.)"

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"I like the taste of MERIT MENTHOL a lot and the cigarette. I won't change. I stay with MERIT from M."

"I don't have to change. I stay with MERIT from M."

"I like the smooth taste of MERIT MENTHOL."

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"MERIT 100's are the best I've tried, and the best."

—John Smith
Marion, North Carolina

"MERIT 100's are a milder flavor which is what they are satisfying."

—Mrs. Frances Clark
Lawrence, Florida

"MERIT 100's are a milder flavor which is what they are satisfying."

—Mrs. Frances Clark
Lawrence, Florida

"After three years of smoking MERIT MENTHOL, I won't buy any other kind."

—David M. Hess
Cleveland, Ohio

"I've tried a lot of menthol cigarettes, and for my personal satisfaction, I've found MERIT MENTHOL 100's to be the best."

—Barbara R. Johnson
Aberdeen, South Carolina

"MERIT MENTHOL 100's is a great cigarette. I really enjoy it."

—Debbie Wingfield
Fairview, Virginia

"MERIT MENTHOL outdistanced everything I've smoked before."

—Quentin E. Ramey
Bronson, Michigan

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"MERIT 100's are just right for me. I like the taste—they satisfy me. I like them better than any other cigarette."

—Carol Merribo
Berkeley, California

"I haven't found anything else that I like. I'll stay with MERIT."

—Paul J. Benoit
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"I've tried other brands, but MERIT satisfies my taste more."

—Charles A. Rice
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"To me, MERIT is better than any cigarette."

"It's the best taste."

"We were looking for the best tasting cigarette we found. MERIT is the best."

"I tried 3 or 4 brands and MERIT tasted better than any of the others."

—Darrell R. A. Allen
Chico, California

"MERIT satisfies me more. It has a flavor to it. It's just right."

—Rheta A. Skotnick
Burton, Ohio

"I'm satisfied with MERIT 100's so I don't have any reason to switch to another brand."

—Mary Kay Mastrangelo
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"I've tried others and like MERIT. I don't like anything else."

—Jill Ward
Covington, Virginia

"The MERIT 100's have a flavor that's all its own. MERIT satisfies me a lot."

—Lynn Hancock
Omaha, Nebraska

"MERIT is the best I've tried. (I'm finally satisfied with a low tar, low nicotine cigarette.)"

—Douglas G. Heard
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"They're very mild. I enjoy MERIT 100's very much. (Also easy to draw.)"

—Ann D'Amico
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"MERIT 100's are mild. I like the taste of them."

—Glenn H. Miller
Miami, Florida

"It to me, them,"

—Gibson
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"MERIT is a dynamite product, and I'll never switch from them."

—Richard Chappell
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"I've tried a lot of different menthols but I always go back to MERIT. I like the taste of it."

—Doris Zeh
Brooklyn, New York

"I don't smoke anything else. I like the smooth taste of MERIT 100's."

—Harriet Swift
Chattanooga, Tennessee

"MERIT has the taste with less tar and nicotine."

—Kenneth W. Fox, Jr.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

"I've tried every brand on the market and I like MERIT the best."

—Shirley C. Spordar
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"MERIT 100's better than other cigarette I've tried."

—Mrs. Herbert P. Moore
Jackson, Mississippi

"I desire to pleasure, I get it."

—Prosser
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"I get the most cigarette for the least tar and nicotine."

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SCORECARD

Edited by STEVE WOLF

MORE HOLLOW THAN HALLOWED

In refusing to move or postpone the 1980 Summer Olympics, the International Olympic Committee consistently argued that such actions would violate its charter. Yet in hopes of defusing the boycott movement, the IOC extended its May 24 entry deadline and is now mulling over limitations on the use of national flags and anthems in official ceremonies, both of which would also be in apparent violation of its charter. It is in like spirit that the IOC, faced with a paucity of rival bidders to host the 1984 Summer Olympics, overstepped its charter by allowing a private corporation rather than the city of Los Angeles alone to assume financial liability for the Games. And in hopes of rounding up more bidders for the 1988 Olympics, it may delay selection of a site for that event until 1982, a year later than the charter recommends.

The inescapable conclusion is that, pines aside, the IOC adheres to its charter only when it's convenient to do so. In consequence, that supposedly hallowed document, like the Olympic Games themselves, has become seriously degraded.

THE VERDICT

Former University of New Mexico Basketball Coach Norm Ellenberger was acquitted last week in Roswell, N. Mex. on all seven counts of a federal indictment relating to a grade-transcript scandal at the University (SI, Dec. 10, 1979 *et seq.*). Five counts were for mail fraud, one was for wire fraud and one for interstate travel in aid of racketeering. The prosecution's key witness, former Assistant Coach Manny Goldstein, told the court that on Nov. 4, 1978 he had discussed with Ellenberger the faking of credits from Mercer County Community College in Trenton, N.J. for former player Andre Logan. Ellenberger denied that he discussed the forgery at that time. He told the jury he knew that Logan's transcript was being changed, but that he did not have a hand in it. Ellenberger said

he knew that NCAA rules were being broken, but that he did not intend to defraud anyone or commit a crime. Faking Logan's transcript, he said, was a "stop-gap measure" to allow Logan to play in an exhibition game because a new and legitimate transcript for Logan was expected to arrive in one or two weeks. The six-man, six-woman jury also listened to a tape recording in which Goldstein told Ellenberger how he planned to make a recruit, Craig Gilbert, eligible last season by faking 16 credits from Mercer through Gilbert's school, Oxnard Junior College in California. After deliberating for two hours and 45 minutes, the jury delivered its verdict. When the court clerk finished the announcement of the jurors' findings, the courtroom audience began to cheer and Ellenberger shook hands with nearly everyone in the courtroom. Ellenberger still faces a 22-count indictment, relating mostly to allegations of fraudulent travel vouchers, handed down by a state grand jury last month.

TACKLING A ROLE

The envelope, please. The winner in the best actor category at the 21st annual Clio Awards is... Joe Greene of the Pittsburgh Steelers for his mean performance as Joe Greene for Coca-Cola. You know the commercial, the one in which he tosses his jersey to the kid who gave him the Coke. Greene wasn't in New York last week to accept this Clio, the Oscar of advertising, but when apprised of his award, he exclaimed, "What, me an actor? I'm thrilled. It's like making five straight tackles on the one-yard line to win a football game." Greene has no immediate plans for an acting career, although he will serve as a Coca-Cola spokesman. As his attorney, Les Zittrain of Pittsburgh, said, "After the commercial, what could Joe do for an encore?"

ARMAGGEDDITT

It's still not too late for New Yorkers to get a jump on frog-hunting season, which opened June 16 and closes Sept. 30. Ron-

ald Robert, a state environmental officer stationed in Warrensburg and an occasional frog hunter, reports that along the Hudson River just below Fort Edward, "They're filling buckets with 'em. Big ones, too. Nice, big bullfrogs, although the smaller ones up here in the Adirondacks might be a little sweeter."

Before Kermit the Frog fins out there start croaking, they should know that hunting keeps the frog population in check, while providing French restaurants with *cuisse de grenouilles* and biology classes with subjects. Sportsmen need either a fishing license if they use hand, spear, club, hook or long bow, or a hunting license if they feel they need a firearm in case an enraged frog should turn on them. The most popular method of catching a frog is to tie a piece of bright red felt or flannel to a hook and swing it over the unsuspecting prey, who almost always jumps for the bait. Nei-



ting is illegal under the regulation that reads "No person shall use any device which prevents the frog from having free access to the water." Sounds fair enough.

It is also illegal to hunt frogs between sunset and sunrise. Instances of frog poaching, however, are rare. "In 20 years I don't think I've had but three frog cases," says Robert. "People don't say, 'Well, I'm gonna go out and poach a frog,' but they might say, 'Well, I'm gonna go out and get a bucket of frogs for the old lady because she likes 'em,' and those people might not be completely legal in doing it." Although some fishermen use the smaller frogs as bait for bass, pike

continued

SHOULD WE BLAME ALL HE SPENDS, OR FOR ALL WE ASK?

We Americans expect our leaders in Washington to make good on their promise to balance the Federal budget. But we also keep asking for programs and benefits the government can't pay for out of tax income. Something's got to give.

Unfortunately, as a result of deficit spending in recent years, what's been giving is the real value of the dollar. Because Washington has made it a practice to artificially expand the money supply to pay for programs our taxes don't cover. The real price of that policy has been ruinous inflation.

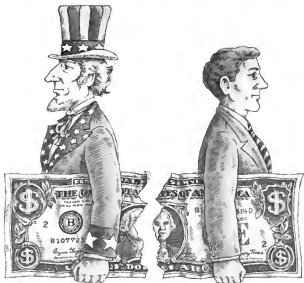
Renewed self-control and a rethinking of Americans' attitudes toward government are urgently required. We must all stop demanding of government what we are unwilling or unable to pay for in taxes.

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and perch, most frog hunters keep or sell them for food; good frog legs can fetch more than \$3 a pound on the open market. "You catch 15 or 20 of 'em and dress 'em up," says Robert, his mouth fairly watering. "I can see why people down in the city in fancy restaurants pay \$15 or \$20 for them."

AT BAY

Well, at least for one more year. Al Davis and his Raiders will be bunking down in Oakland. Davis, beset by legal entanglements, last week abandoned his immediate plans to move to Los Angeles and said that for now the team would stay by the Bay. "We had to provide stability for our players and our coaches," Davis said, "and we had to take an affirmative, positive step."

Needless to say, Davis is not being welcomed back to Oakland with open arms. As Jay Bedsworth, manager of an East Bay golf club and a Raider fan, or rather, an ex-Raider fan, said, "If Davis wants to move that badly, let him go. We'll get an expansion team." The Port of Oakland, which previously rented the Alameda training facility to the Raiders for \$1, will be charging them \$30,000 this year. Davis still does not have a rental agreement with the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, and Coliseum President Jack Malteser says, "Mr. Davis is something. How can he say he's leaving in 1981 and ask for a sweetheart deal in 1980?" In the past the Raiders paid a basic 10% of the gate as a rental fee, while not being charged for two exhibition games. Now Malteser says, "Let him pay for every game." Davis says, "I'll probably have to take what they offer us, but it will become part of our damage suit against [Commissioner Pete] Rozelle and the rest of the conspirators." Davis' antitrust suit against the NFL is to begin Nov. 18 in U.S. District Court in Los Angeles. For you football fans, that's the day after the Raiders' Monday night game with Seattle.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

There are some oversights and overstatements, but, by and large, baseball fans are showing uncharacteristic wisdom in voting for the All-Star teams this year. In the American League, the plebsite is slipping up only at shortstop, where Bucky Dent of the Yankees is getting votes rightfully belonging to Milwaukee's Robin Yount and Detroit's Alan Trammell, and in the outfield, where Fred Lynn and Jim Rice, off

to slow starts with the Red Sox, are one-two and Don Baylor of the Angels is fourth. Baylor might seem particularly undeserving since he was hitting only .250 with no home runs when he went on the disabled list in May, but winning the MVP last year must have counted for something. Otherwise, there's nothing wrong with California's Rod Carew at first base, Paul Molitor of the Brewers at second, George Brett of Kansas City at third, the Yankees' Reggie Jackson in the outfield and Boston's Carlton Fisk behind the plate. The AL might even be able to win the game for a change.

In the National League, there are a few curiosities. Dave Parker, having an off year for the Pirates, is the leading vote-getter in the outfield, while the more worthy George Hendrick of St. Louis is eighth and the Astros' Jose Cruz, who's batting .321 with 41 RBIs, doesn't even get a call. The Cardinals' Keith Hernandez might be a better choice at first base than Steve Garvey of Los Angeles, but then Garvey is up among the RBI leaders. Davey Lopes, hitting .240, is overwhelming a weak field at second base; the Phillie fans, who are usually very good at stuffing ballots, have only managed to place Manny Trillo, a .308 hitter, fifth. But every other position seems in order: Garry Templeton of the Cards at short, Mike Schmidt of the Phillies at third, L.A.'s Reggie Smith and Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski in the outfield, and Ted Simmons of St. Louis catching. The inescapable conclusion of the results to date is that the voters are punching the right holes. Which punches holes in the theory that the fans don't know what's good for them.

GOOD HIT, GOOD FIELD, BETTER LOOKS

The Bellevue, Wash. *Journal-American* conducted a slightly different baseball poll last week, asking the wives of Seattle Mariners to vote for the handsomest players in the game. The winner was no surprise: underwear model Jim Palmer of the Baltimore Orioles. He was followed by the Mariners' own Rick Honeycutt, then Jim Rice, Bucky Dent, George Brett, Joe Simpson of Seattle, Paul Molitor, Bill Russell of the Dodgers, Dwight Evans of the Red Sox and Ken Singleton of the Orioles. Debbie Honeycutt, wife of the runner-up, said the poll was confusing, though "We weren't sure if they wanted it from the neck up or from the neck down or both."

SPELLBOUND

Waltie Naufls, who played in the NBA for 10 years, wrote the following letter to the *Los Angeles Times* after the Lakers won the league championship: "Tears were running down my 6-year-old son's cheeks as he kept repeating, 'Magic Johnson did this to me, Daddy. Is it O.K. to cry when you are real happy for someone?' Magic Johnson is wonderful." As a member of three Boston Celtic NBA world championship teams, I can tell you he brought tears to my eyes, too. Magic Johnson is wonderful!"

THE ZINK

A little of the magic went out of pro basketball last week when Dave Zinkoff, the 70-year-old P.A. announcer for the Philadelphia 76ers, announced his retirement. Zinkoff's voice—a voice only the Audubon Society could love—rang in the ears of sports fans for 47 years. In the '50s, every time Tom Gola scored, it was a "Gola goal," and in the '60s, it was "That counts" for two points by Mel Counts. His most famous call was the "Dipper Dunk" for Wilt Chamberlain. Zinkoff's retirement seemed almost inevitable when his constant friend, NBA patriarch Eddie Gottlieb, died last December. Just as Gottlieb would bestow his giant Hershey bars on friends, Zinkoff would give away kosher salamis. Tom Meschery, a former NBA player and assistant coach and now a poetry teacher in Nevada, recalls, "Whenever I came back to Philadelphia, the Zink would come up to me before the game and say, as if he and I were sharing a great secret, 'I've got a little something for you.' After the game I'd always find a salami stuffed in my gym bag. The Zink was that good old-fashioned kind of show biz, and his retiring will take that away from the game. I would think he'll be missed very much."

THEY SAID IT

- Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch on why he let starting pitcher Pete Redfern struggle for more than four innings before yanking him: "I was afraid I might strangle him if I had him in the dugout."
- George MacIntyre, Vanderbilt football coach, recalling a recruiting trip last fall after his Commodores had been routed 66-3 by Alabama: "I told the recruits they had a chance to play for us right away, but I had a funny feeling they already knew that."

END

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RIGHT ON



FOR ROBERTO

*Implacable and totally relentless
in pursuit of Sugar Ray Leonard,
Duran bludgeoned and bruised
his way to the welterweight title*
by **WILLIAM NACK**



CONTINUED

Roberto Duran had finished his steak and potato, polished off a helping of sausages and now was working on his second soft drink of the afternoon. It had been weeks since Duran had been able to indulge his prodigious appetite, to yield to his weakness for Coca-Cola and 7-Up, but he was getting his fill now as he held court in a restaurant of the Hotel Bonaventure in Montreal. Just 13 hours earlier, in a ring set above second base at the Olympic Stadium, Duran had taken the World Boxing Council's version of the welterweight championship of the world from Ray Leonard.

Duran's child, 6-year-old Robertito, slipped away from the table and wrapped himself in the green belt with the huge gold medalion signifying that his father was now the champion. Duran spotted him and laughed. "Show them how you box," Roberto said. The boy threw a straight right through the air and grimaced dutifully. "Hey hey!" Duran cried. For the first time in days, he was relaxed. He signed autographs. He posed for photographs. And he showed off his two new diamond rings, one for each hand, that his wife, Felicidad, had given him for his 29th birthday on June 16. There were only two visible signs of Duran's whereabouts the night before—manifestations

that he took as well as gave. A mouse, violet and red, swelled below his left eye—the work of Leonard's right hand. And there was his own right hand, swathed in an Ace bandage that covered the bruises sustained when he pounded Leonard's head and ribs.

Duran leaned back in his chair, reflective at last. "I'm very content," he said. "Many people did not believe I could make it, but I did. Many people believed I was too old to win, but I was not. Many said I could not beat Sugar Ray Leonard. Before the fight I asked myself, 'Why can't I beat him?' I wondered, 'Maybe he's a phantom and you can't beat him.' Maybe they thought I was going to stand in the ring and let him beat on me, like I had my hands tied." He paused. "That's the only way he can beat me. I would have to be tied to a tree, with my hands behind my back . . . he would have to break me down a thousand times. He was strong, but he did not hurt me. My rage was very big. When I get into the ring to fight, I always give the best."

That simple fact could have been offered of Leonard as well. Last Friday night, in a chilly, rain-soaked stadium in Canada, the two men met and fought with uncommon courage, in a way that honored them both. The French Canadians billed the fight as *Le Face-à-Face Historique*. A historic face-to-face, that was to match perhaps the two finest fight-

ers in the world today, and over the 15 rounds the bout was every bit of that. It was historic, all right—a magnificent, memorable combat between a boxer, Leonard, and a brawler, Duran. Literally, it was face to face, too, for that is exactly how these two champions stood for almost all of the 45 minutes as they flailed at one another—a four-fisted, toe-to-toe epic that swept like a malevolent wind from corner to corner and along the ropes, drifting only occasionally to the center of the ring. It was a fight that round after round brought the crowd of 46,317 to its feet, roaring. So savage and relentless was Duran's attack that Juanita Leonard, Ray's wife, was in tears by the third round. By the end of the eighth, she had passed out altogether in her seat.

"I did the best I could," Leonard said. "I think I pretty much fought from the heart." But so did Duran, who attacked at almost every turn. Leonard battled and battled back again. Still Duran wrestled and maneuvered, and Leonard had to work just to find room to breathe and swing, at times simply to survive. It was a close fight. There were many blows landed by each man. But when the decision in Duran's favor was rendered—it was unanimous—there were no serious arguments disputing it.

The drama of the fight was intensified by the contrasting styles of the men and the course of events that led up to it—the sense of expectancy, heightened for weeks, at the thought of seeing the flashy and undefeated Leonard (27-0) take on so unyielding a customer as Duran (71-1), the former lightweight champion who had abdicated his 135-pound title in early 1978 to strive for greater fortune and fame among the welters. They are, in manner and personality as well as ring style, as different as the languages they speak. The prospect of seeing them go at each other for 15 rounds stirred memories of the epic battles between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier in the early 1970s. In fact, no fight had generated such interest since those Ali-Frazier confrontations, and none in history yielded greater financial returns for the contestants. Duran would earn \$1.5 million, by far his biggest payday ever, while Leonard stood to make between \$7.5 million and \$10 million, more money *continued*



The fighting was ferocious (left) as Pacillo could attest, but Leonard landed his best shots (right) when he was finally able to get away from Duran





Duran kept Leonard tied up through most of the fight. Belling to the inside, leaving his opponent

RIGHT ON CONTINUED

than any man had ever collected for a fight. Ali's \$6.5 million take, when he met Ken Norton in Yankee Stadium in 1976, was the previous record.

Into the final week, even with these massive purses on the line and closed-circuit TV outlets doing brisk business, there was some question whether the fight would take place. In a preflight physical, Duran underwent a routine electrocardiogram that gave off warnings that he could be suffering from a coronary disease associated with hardening of the

arteries. He was not, of course, but an initial report requiring further tests had the fight organizers nearly frantic.

But then, the organizing of this bout had hit snags all along the way. It first became a possibility—and, suddenly, the fight that everyone wanted to see—last November, when Leonard won the WBC title from Wilfred Benitez on a TKO in the 15th round in Las Vegas. Duran was the No. 1 contender, and a fight between Leonard and Duran seemed a natural. Mike Trauner, Leonard's counsel, contacted Carlos Elela, Duran's manager, immediately after the Benitez fight, but

the two failed to get together last winter. Trauner eventually did meet with Don King, Duran's promoter, but Trauner sought such a prodigious share of the take, including the entire \$3.5 million "veto money" (the live gate), that King and Elela balked.

"You're throwin' him a bone," said King when Trauner offered the Panamanian \$500,000 for starters. After Trauner retained Bob Arum, King's arch-rival in the fight-promoting business, matters hardly got better. After considerable jousting and maneuvering, with Trauner adamant in his insistence that Leonard—as the champion and chief attraction—take home the bulk of the revenues, the negotiations finally got off dead center in April. This occurred after some persuasive and influential Panamanian politicians pressed for the match rather than a proposed Leonard-Pipino Cuevas bout.

The terms, basically, were these: Leonard would receive the \$3.5 million paid by the Olympic Installations Board to stage the fight, plus all the money for the delayed home television broadcast rights—between \$500,000 and \$800,000. Leonard would also get 80% of the \$500,000 to \$700,000 from the sale of foreign TV rights, with the promoters getting the rest. Finally, Leonard would receive 80% of the closed-circuit TV revenues—with the promoters getting the remaining 20%—after the first \$2.5 million of those revenues came off the top. From that \$2.5 million, Duran would get his \$1.5 million, and the remaining \$1 million would go to the promoters to cover expenses. All in all, the package virtually assured Leonard more than \$7.5 million.

Arum and King ended up jointly promoting the fight, and the story of how they came together is only slightly more bizarre than King's hards. Last April, Trauner and Arum were sitting in the VIP lounge of Braniff Airways at Kennedy International Airport, waiting for a plane to take them to Panama to close the deal with Elela, when an unexpected guest, King, walked through the door. King laughed, said nothing and sat down on a chair next to Trauner.

For an hour or so King and Arum did not speak. "It was kind of uncomfortable," Trauner recalls. "I was sitting on a couch between them, trying to make conversation." King was there because Elela still wanted him to promote the fight. For his part, Trauner actually wanted

both men to promote it—Arum because he knows the closed-circuit TV business inside out, and King because Trainer didn't want Arum's nemesis undermining the promotion. The two promoters had not exchanged so much as a civility when Trainer urged them to get together. "This is silly," he said. "You guys ought to talk to each other. Act civilized." King did not add to the conviviality of the occasion by suggesting that Arum would be

attacked by mobs of angry Panamanians when he arrived there. Arum pooched that notion. Finally, seeking a break in the deadlock, Trainer phoned Elceta and told him he was prepared to fly down by himself to make the deal without either promoter. Elceta waved him on.

"Either you guys settle this thing or I'm going down there alone," Trainer told them. "This is a great promotion.

There's enough in it for both of you."

Trainer and Janks Morton, Leonard's closest friend, who had been sitting silently nearby, then repaired to a bar. Arum and King not only talked but now joined forces to get more money out of Trainer, making a counterproposal that would increase their cuts. Eager for peace at any reasonable price, Trainer agreed to share the closed-circuit revenues with them 50-50—instead of 80-20—once Leonard's income from the fight reached \$7.5 million. With that, they all flew to Panama and signed the deal. Trainer now estimates that Arum and King stand to make \$1 million each.

Thus the richest prizefight in history was made. And the countdown to June 20 began. Duran trained harder and longer for this bout than he had for any in years, running, putting lumps on sparring partners, working himself into a fury the final weeks. Wrapping up his training in Montreal, he played to the crowds. He hollered at hecklers and jammed his fist in the air.

Meanwhile Leonard was, uncharacteristically, less demonstrative. He conceded that he was "a little afraid" of the challenger: "... his reactions, his style, his character. He's so, what do they call it, ferocious..."

Meanwhile, Duran's health caused concern when, three days before the fight, he was forced to spend two hours having his heart checked. After the EKG had revealed an abnormality in his heartbeat, Dr. Bernard Chaitman, a cardiologist at the Montreal Heart Institute, was called in. "His EKG showed some findings that, in a normal person, might be interpreted as coronary artery disease," Chaitman said. "This is narrowing of the arteries of the heart. However, this type of EKG pattern is often seen in highly trained athletes. In a well-trained athlete, the heart muscle may be slightly thicker than in an average individual, giving rise to an unusual type of EKG pattern. What happened in Duran's case is his pattern was slightly more marked than in the average boxer." So Duran underwent another exam. "Everything was within normal limits," Chaitman said. "He was cleared for the fight."

Indeed he had never been more prepared to fight. "I've studied him more than my shadow," Duran said of Leonard the day before the fight. "I'm ready for any terrain he's prepared to step into. He's a good boxer, but he's

conceded



Duran's toll showed when Dundee had to work on a cut near Leonard's eye after the ninth round



Duran couldn't resist a taunt near the finish

RIGHT ON *Continued*

going to be boxing a better one. He thinks with his clowning and psyching that he's going to get me angry and get me to lose my head. No, my son. I have what they call in Panama my special reserve. My style is to bob and weave, and tomorrow it could be better than ever. If Leonard is to beat me, he would have to fight me; he would have to apply pressure, too."

Which was precisely what Leonard was intending to do. Angelo Dundee, Leonard's trainer, counseled him to feint left and move right, to move from side to side, not to get caught on the ropes, to box. "A good boxer plays checkers," Dundee said. "Side, side, inside. The key is Ray's left hand. Everything off the jab.... Ray will knock Duran stiff." No, Leonard said, he wouldn't do it that way; he'd fight Duran's way. "Flat-footed," Leonard said. "I will not run." One of the questions about Leonard was his ability to take a punch, and now he seemed intent on answering it once and for all.

It was against this backdrop, with Leonard the favorite and both camps

confident of victory, that Duran came charging up the aisle in Olympic Stadium to the beat of drums on the loudspeakers. He raised his arms to thunderous cheers. Immediately, Juanita Leonard and Ray's sister, Sharon, climbed on their chairs near ringside and started dancing in place, singing, "Hey, Sugar Ray!" Soon Leonard arrived, his arms raised. Then came the bell.

It was, from almost the opening salvo, a fight that belonged to Duran. The Panamanian seized the evening and gave it what shape and momentum it had. He took control, attacking and driving Leonard against the ropes, bullying him back, hitting him with lefts and rights to the body as he maneuvered the champion against the ropes from corner to corner. Always moving forward, he mauled and wrestled Leonard, scoring inside with hooks and rights. For three rounds Duran drove at Sugar Ray with a fury, and there were moments when it seemed the fight could not last five. Unable to get away, unable to counter and unable to slide away to open up the ring, Leonard seemed almost helpless under the assault. Now and then he got loose and countered—left-right-left to Duran's bobbing head—but he missed punches and could not work inside, could not jab, could not mount an offense to keep Duran at bay.

Though Duran dominated at the outset, Leonard managed to avoid serious trouble while attempting to fend off his pursuer. In the second round Duran dazed Sugar Ray with a hook and right-hand lead, and Leonard seemed in pain as he covered. But he demonstrated, too, that he could absorb Duran's best blow. "I showed I could take a punch," Leonard would say. "I didn't want to, but I had to. I had no alternative."

He had none, to be sure, because Duran forced the issue and took the fight to him, depriving Leonard of his most valuable tool, his hand and foot speed. Duran cut off the ring and put unbending pressure on Leonard, thereby stifling Sugar Ray's jab, the punch designed to set up all the others. "I knew that was going to happen to him," Duran said after the fight. Staying inside, Duran was hardly molested by Carlos Padilla, the referee. One of Duran's trainers, Freddie Brown, yelled to Padilla, "Let 'em fight!" And let them he did. At the bell concluding each round, Duran would spin and walk quickly to his corner, a sneer playing on his mouth. Ray Arcel, Duran's co-trainer,

would ask him, "How do you feel?" Duran would nod and say, "Good! Good!"

"Keep going!" Arcel would say. "Keep crowdin' him. Don't give him a chance to set. Keep going!" And out the fighter would go—feinting with the jab, shooting the overhand right, throwing the hook, bullying inside and pounding the body. "Duran did what he was told," Arcel would say. "He fought the kind of fight he was told to fight. Leonard couldn't jab. We never let him execute. And Roberto set a hell of a pace."

Roberto did. But Leonard hung in. Taking the best that Duran could offer—"Leonard surprised me taking some of the punches he did," Arcel said afterward. Sugar Ray won the sixth round, scoring with jabs and lefts and rights in combination. The two men fought with a fury through the middle rounds—all three judges scored the seventh and ninth rounds even—but it grew clearer as the rounds rolled by that Leonard had no reply to Duran's tactics. At the end of the eighth round, Juanita Leonard was out cold, with Sharon Leonard cradling her head and fanning her face with a program. But Ray Leonard did not notice. He had enough to do to stay conscious himself, what with Duran burrowing and pushing and beating him inside. During the infrequent times when Leonard broke loose, he scored with a quick combination, but then Duran would jab and counter and rush to the body again. He cut off Leonard's ring at every chance, willing to take shots on the way inside, and Leonard could not deal effectively with him.

Dundee urged Sugar Ray not to fight Duran's fight. "You never fight to a guy's strength," Dundee would say. "You try to offset it, and Ray didn't. He tried to outstrong the guy. Duran was being Duran, and Ray was going with him. It was strictly Duran's stuff, elbows and knees, his head to his face. Leonard has lumps all over the place. The guy who had more practice at that won the fight. It was all Duran. He pushes. He comes at you from different angles. He feints and wings. When a guy comes at you, you move. You counter and move. Ray didn't."

Or couldn't, not with the meager seasoning of 27 pro fights against a master at the game as it is played inside. Duran let up the last two rounds, but by then the battle had too long been joined and decided. Judge Raymond Baldecrou of France scored it 6-4-5 for Duran. Italy's

Angelo Poletti had it 3-2-10, a monument to indecision. Englishman Harry Gibbs' tally read 6-5-4. Duran seemed to know he'd be the winner by the end of the furious 13th—the best and most extraordinary round in the fight, when Duran and Leonard went at each other head to head and toe to toe, when lefts and rights came off all points of the compass and the blows raised a constant sweat spray in the air.

Duran hooked the champion into a corner, but Leonard escaped. Duran landed another left hook, and shortly thereafter a hard right. Leonard struck home with a right, snapping Duran's head to the side, and then they came together. Near the end of the round, Leonard threw three lefts to the body, two rights to the head. Not in all his life had Leonard reached more deeply—this was the finest moment in his bravest fight—and not even so tenuous a fighter as Duran could find the bottom to the man. Suddenly the 13th ended, almost with a gasp, as if for three minutes Leonard and Duran had struggled underwater and at the bell broke to the surface and gulped air again. Two of the judges gave the round to Leonard, but it hardly seemed to matter. Duran had won the fight; in the 13th he stood off Leonard's last great charge.

The rest was mere aftermath. At the final bell, Leonard approached Duran to touch gloves, but Duran waved him away and stalked to his corner. He could not cut off his mood of ferocity so abruptly. He mellowed in the locker room enough to say, "Leonard, you're my friend now," but by then the ring was dark and Leonard was in another room and it seemed a bit late for sentiment.

No matter. The fight gave Duran the title, hard-yielded and hard-won, but it left Leonard suspended in a no-man's-land. Trauser says that Leonard, after four years of fighting professionally, is now worth about \$5 million. The choice is his. "He accomplished what he set out to do," Trauser said. "I don't enjoy this. I don't enjoy seeing him get hit. As far as I'm concerned, he can pack it in." Leonard was noncommittal. "I wouldn't mind having a rematch," he said. "I want to talk everything over with my wife. See how she feels. It was a difficult strain on her to see me lose. But I felt I gave it my best ..."

And then, for all, he said: "Again, I salute Roberto Duran."

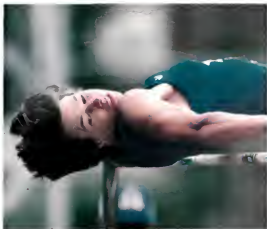
END



The champ earned \$15 million—plus a \$2,000 cash bonus from the fight's co-promoter, Don King.



Juvenile Leonard, who lapsed during the fight, shared Sugar Ray's disappointment when it was over.



THE AGONY AND ECSTASY

Frederick (below) left Anderson after the shortput





In the high jump, the two athletes went at it back to back and wound up with a draw when first Frederick and then Anderson cleared the bar at 5' 10 1/2."

OF THE TRIALS

When an injury forced Jane Frederick out of the pentathlon after three events, Jodi Anderson wound up the happy winner **by KENNY MOORE**



The power of the Olympic Trials, the emotion that has made them sometimes more compelling than the Games themselves, has always resided in their final, unavoidably cruel demarcation of the nation's finest athletes from the merely superb. So harsh is that division that we must leave it to the athletes to settle it themselves, in head-to-head competition, because what panel of official selectors could make these choices with a clear conscience?

Yet the onlookers at the Olympic Track and Field Trials, which commenced a nine-day run last weekend in Eugene, Ore., were justified in wondering what sort of emotion there can be in the selection of an Olympic team that will attend no Olympics. The answer was plenty, although by determinedly insisting upon the style and language of past Trials, the officials created a logic that seemed to shimmer in and out of focus and that kept several of the country's best from competition.

The early event that produced truly Olympian occurrences was the pentath-

lon, fired as it was by the two best American women ever to take on the one-day, five-event test of 100-meter hurdles, shot-put, high jump, long jump and 800-meter run. One was Jodi Anderson, 22, of the Natsume Track Club of Los Angeles. Already the national record holder in the long jump (22' 7 1/2"), Anderson has been working at the pentathlon for 2 1/2 years under Coach Chuck DeBus. A junior majoring in physical education at Cal State Northridge and possessing an interest in sports medicine, Anderson took the past semester off to prepare without compromise for the Olympics and then, after the loss of the Games, to try for the American record. "She doesn't need a personal record in any event to get it," said DeBus before the start of the Trials. "She just needs to be consistent."

The record she sought has belonged since 1974 to Jane Frederick of the Pacific Coast Club, who raised it to 4,708 points a year ago in Götzis, Austria. At 28, Frederick has been competing in the pentathlon for 15 years. Her last defeat by an American came in the 1972 Olympics. Yet it has been only in the past few years that she has come to acknowledge that her sport is foremost among her interests. A woman of many dimen-

covered

Anderson easily won the hurdles, the first event while the injured Frederick was happy to survive

sons, she is an artist, gardener and seamstress and is but a dissertation away from a Ph.D. in the comparative literature of 19th century Italy. She lives in a Santa Barbara, Calif. bungalow amid four cats, ferns and Vivaldi chorales, training with perhaps the consummate coach of multievent athletes, Sam Adams. But during the last year, while her devotion increased, she became strangely brittle and unlucky. Bruised ankle bones kept her from finishing the Pan American Games pentathlon. Colds, muscle pulls and a bruised colon, suffered in a swimming accident, kept her from competition prior to the Trials this year. Her feet seem too delicate for the stress of her 5'11", 165-pound body places upon them; she must soak them in ice water after every workout.

The Monday before the Trials she mis-hit the board on a practice long jump and felt a twinge in her left hamstring. Adams prescribed nothing but rest until competition began last Saturday. Thus on the first morning of the Trials she was nervous, misplacing her participant's pass, not recognizing friends. "God, just let me get the hurdles out of the way," she said, "and I'll be better."

By contrast, the much smaller—5' 5", 125 pounds—Anderson was bouncily confident. "Running the pentathlon hurdles is easy," she said. "The pressure is off, because I'm usually the fastest." She was that in the first heat, winning by nine yards in 13.85 seconds on the automatic timer. Frederick was in the third heat. As she warmed up, her tender hamstring "went like a rock." Frederick knew better than anyone the long odds against nursing such an infirmity through a whole pentathlon. "I wanted to compete so much," she said later, "I didn't have the courage not to start." To Frederick's surprise the leg held together through a solid, clean hurdle race, which she ran in 13.93, less than a 10th of a second slower than Anderson. However, the automatic timer had failed during the second heat. That race had to be clocked by hand, which yields times a 10th or two faster than automatic clocking. To be fair, hand clockings had to be used for the hurdles in the other heats. Frederick had been caught in 13.8 by hand. But the real beneficiary was Anderson, who was given 13.5. "Remember, though, to break the record you have to use the automatic one," said DeBus.

They went to the shotput. DeBus had

set down a list of goals for Anderson that would result in a score of 4,743 points: 13.7 in the hurdles, 43' 9/4" in the shot, 5' 11" in the high jump, 21' 11 1/2" in the long jump and 2:08.3 in the 800. Anderson had surpassed the first, and now she got the second with a personal record of 44 feet on her first throw. Frederick, tentative and off-balance, fouled twice. Down to her last put, she nestled the shot against her neck and let her instincts take over. "I just remember walking up in the front of the ring, having thrown. Some drama, huh?" she said. The shot fell to earth 47' 8 1/2" away, giving her a 25-point lead over Anderson. Frederick stepped from the ring with eyes raised in relief.

In the high jump, Anderson worked her way up to 5' 10 1/2" with only one miss. "If she gets this, she's in very good shape for the record," said DeBus. "I told her, 'This is the last pentathlon of your life. This is for history.' That's because next year they add two events, the javelin and 200."

Frederick had scattered quite a few weak jumps in with her good ones. At 5' 10 1/2" she missed her first two tries. "I'd rather she made it," said DeBus, "to spur Jodi on." Anderson had barely missed her second try. "It's there," said DeBus. "It's there."

On her third attempt, Frederick slipped over, leaving the bar trembling but in place. Anderson was galvanized. "As soon as Jane made it, my adrenaline just flowed," she said. She cleared cleanly, to a shout of "I told you so" from DeBus. Neither athlete could go higher, so they concluded three events still 25 points apart, 2,781 for Frederick to 2,756 for Anderson. Both are fine long jumpers. Thus the contest seemed certain to go down to the 800.

Frederick had tended her injured hamstring through three events, although it was the reason she had been erratic in the high jump. But now, as she warmed up for the long jump with little pop-ups, sharper pain signaled real danger. She received permission from the officials to talk to Adams—no competitor is permitted to receive coaching once an event begins. "I'm 28 years old," she said. "I have to think about that." Adams nodded and left the decision to Frederick. Then he watched as she slowly walked to the long jump official, touched his elbow and whispered that she was withdrawing

from the competition. "I think that may have been the toughest decision she has had to make in her athletic career," said Adams. "And I think she's right. If she tears a hamstring here, she's finished for the year."

Frederick sought out Anderson and told her she couldn't continue. "I hope you do 23 feet and break the American record," Frederick said. "I want you to do it. I want you to do your best." Then she walked to the far end of the field, sat behind an equipment shed and let the tears come.

Anderson blithely jumped 21' 8 1/2". "When Jane dropped out, I was surprised," she said, "but I didn't have time to feel sorry for her. Things like that make you think and make you slow down, because, you know, you win automatically. I was in the competition to break her record. I was sure I'd beat her, too. When I heard the 21' 8 1/2", I was pleased. It was my best ever in a pentathlon."

Frederick at last went to the medical tent and got some ice for her leg. Then she sat on the edge of the track. "It's filling up with blood and starting to ache ...," she said. Her mood seemed one of resignation alternating with shifting, sharp thoughts. "I did so well there for a while. Good hurdles for the first race of the season. And that was the first time over a high jump bar in competition in almost a year. I would have had a good score. I have to be happy." But Frederick is a woman for whom potential is nothing if not fulfilled, so the anguish was not to be shed even through understanding. "I want the world record in September," she said. "And I just can't get carted out of the long jump pit anymore. It's silly. When you're older you're supposed to be more responsible, be a good example."

Would she have continued to compete, she was asked, if this had been a real Olympic Trials?

"I don't know. I might have taken one careful pop and then tried to lope through the 800. Four years ago I would have gone on."

Stiffly, she made her way into the stands and to Adams, where she got a hug and some bantering technical talk. "I'll be fine now," she said. "What's Jodi need in the 800 for the record?"

"2:07," said Adams. The best ever run in a pentathlon was 2:09.4 by Yekaterina Stenrova of the U.S.S.R.

"She can do that."

Continued

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"Depends on how bad she wants it."

Frederick called encouragement to the waiting, pacing Anderson, drawing a couple of astonished looks from spectators. "Why shouldn't I cheer for her, even if she might not do it for me?" she said. "How can you mind if somebody else does well?"

Anderson started quickly but then was passed by Linda Waltman of the Texas T.C. "I had bad butterflies," Anderson said later. "I don't like 400-meter running because I hurt so bad afterward. I was telling myself to force myself to do it. After the first 200, I felt that I was really going to do well."

Waltman hit the 400 in 63 seconds. Anderson was past at 64. With 300 to go she accelerated, leaning into it, driving with her arms. She gained on Waltman, but at the top of the home stretch she began to tie up. "Somehow my level of fitness kind of won out over the adrenaline and my dreams," she said. "I can run 2:07 fresh, but not after four other events."

Yet still she battled, straining and fierce. And suddenly Frederick was on her feet with the howling crowd, shouting. "Now she knows how it is, dammit. It's hard! You want 4,708, you work for it!"

Anderson fought all the way to the finish, which she reached in 2:11.42, giving her a five-event total of 4,697, counting her bonus for hand timing. Waltman had finished in a pentathlon 800-meter world record of 2:09.3, and she needed it to bring her to third with 4,191, just two points ahead of remarkable Thousand Oaks, Calif. high school senior Marlene Harmon, Anderson's Naturite teammate. Marilyn King of the Millbrae Lions Club was second with 4,199, thus making her third Olympic team.

As the top three took the victory stand and received their roses, Anderson leaped again and again in unrestrained athletic joy. "Now I'm the best woman athlete in the country," she said. "I'm so proud of myself."

As Frederick stood again and applauded, these two seemed inescapably bound, each in her place in sports' eternal juxtaposition of success and temporary ruin. They were both Olympians in that moment, one in performance, one in bearing, both by example. Together, they and the thousands of knowing, moved spectators lifted these Trials toward the pinnacle they have always reached.

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Dennis (the Menace) Conner vs. Robert Edward (Terrible Ted) Turner. They have raced many times before, and this week they're mixing it up again in the first round of the most prolonged sailing test of all: the summer-long trials to select a defender of the America's Cup.

To judge solely by the records of the two men, it should be an even go. Around the buoys and on the open sea, in match races and fleet races, in boats large and small, they have both been consistent front-runners, progressing ever upward, sometimes on collision courses, sometimes on diverging ones. They both have

boats of proved worth. Turner will be at the helm of *Courageous*, the winning hull when new in 1974 and again when he defended the Cup in 1977. Conner will be sailing a new boat, *Freedom*, which after a year of picing and racing has proved a shade superior to her stablemate, *Enterprise*, the runner-up to *Courageous* three years ago.

Over the years, as designers have produced 12-meter hulls more and more alike and sailmakers have grown wiser and wiser (and richer), competition among those vying for the defender's berth has become closer. There will be

LONG SHOT AT THE CUP

Into the deepest of yachting waters plunges young Russell Long, boldly bidding to defend the America's Cup

by COLES PHINIZY



At 41, Ted Turner plays the role of wily old fox



few times this summer when one boat easily marches away from another, consuming spectators with boredom before the first rounding mark. What makes the trials still more appealing, particularly for buffs who dote on long shots, is that a third skipper, a genuine underdog named Russell Long, will be competing in a brand-new, dark-blue hull called Clipper.

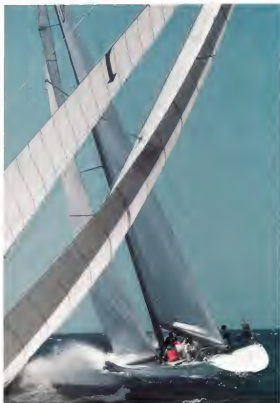
Twenty-four-year-old Russell Long of New York City has seen only two America's Cup races and was bored by both. Until last summer he had never been on a 12-meter, much less at the helm of one. In the 129 years since it all began, never before has a fair-haired, blue-eyed lamb as young as Long ventured into the America's Cup arena, a sacrificial

site customarily reserved for the slaughter of sun-wrinkled veterans. Considering his modest credentials, Long's chances seem slight enough. When his two opponents, Turner and Conner, are taken into account, his prospects look very dim. Actually, for a variety of disconnected reasons, Long has quite a good shot at it.

One asset surely working for him is his own well-contained optimism. After solving personal problems that had been unsettling him off and on, Long took up the America's Cup quest last spring, realizing that to knock off a Goliath or two requires not only the faith of David but also lots of practice with the right-sized pebbles in the right kind of sling. In that regard his unexpected debut in the big

time parallels that of Turner, one of the Goliaths he now faces. After emerging from a morass of problems 15-odd years ago, Turner got aboard the right kind of stock boat (a Cal 40 called Vamp X), took dead aim on the ocean-racing establishment and wiped it out.

Thanks in part to the mixed games he has played as sportsman and breadwinner, Long has not lost his perspective. As he hustles money to keep his campaign going, he is sometimes appalled by the cost, but he is not awed by the importance of the America's Cup or the grandeur of the powerful, ponderous boats involved in it. A year ago, padding along with the rest of the Boston Marathon mob, Long completed the 26-mile, 385-yard distance in three continued



In a tuneup sparring match off Newport, R.I., Long's Clipper flies like a bird—makes that a plane—in hot pursuit of Turner and Courageous.



At 24, Long is a rookie, but his resolve is firm.

hours, nine minutes. He realizes that if, in every race on her appointed course of 28 statute miles, he could keep the \$300,000 Clipper moving at the speed he himself can run in \$21 Adidas shoes, he would have Turner and Conner put away by mid-August.

Like both Turner and Conner, Long has done a lot of ocean racing, but unlike them, he has little taste for it. His father, Sumner (Huey) Long, a prosperous shipping broker, is well known for his series of ocean racers called *Ondine*. As Russ Long now recalls, he first raced aboard his father's second *Ondine* at the age of seven, on some overseas course in winds of gale force or worse. "It was up to 50 or 60 knots, I am told," Long says, "but I wouldn't know. I wasn't on deck much. I spent most of the race either trying to stay in my bunk or trying to get back in it. Every now and again a wave would grab the boat and throw it up. When it came back down, I would still be in the air. When a seven-year-old kid starts considering suicide as an alterna-

tive to his immediate problems, he knows he is in the wrong sport.

"I did a lot of racing on *Ondines* when I was young," Long continues, "and hated it, mostly because of seasickness. My father and I used to have mammoth battles about my sailing with him. He'd say, 'Ah, you're getting older, you'll get over seasickness.' He'd say, 'We have this new pill. Try it.' I tried everything from Marezine to Bonine to Dramamine. Nothing worked. I even tried the astronaut's special space-sickness pills. They made me throw up."

Several years ago, after reconciling some personal difference with his father, Russ Long started racing again on the fourth *Ondine*, skipping her occasionally in his father's absence. In the St. Francis Yacht



*Out West, Dennis Conner of San Diego, 37, has had stam-bing action in his Twelve, *Enterprise* (below) and the new *Freedom*, racing the two boats 147 days in one year*



Club Perpetual Cup series sailed off San Francisco, he came in second, beating such impressive West Coast biggies as *Kiafoh*, *Merlin* and *Christine*. He won line honors in the Assor Cup over Turner's Tensicous and the ultralight freak, *Circus Maximus*. Although both his personal problems and his stomach are more settled today, ocean racing is still not his bag. "Give me a fast boat and put me on a closed course and I am a very happy guy," he says. "Class boats are the cutting edge of the sport."

Long's maternal great grandfather was Richard Joshua Reynolds, the tobacco king. His great-great uncle was Richard Samuel Reynolds, founder of the metal concern that is well known in households for its Reynolds Wrap. With such a fiscal reservoir, Russ Long received a well-versed education. After primary years at St. Bernard's School in New York City, he prepped at St. George's in Middletown, R.I., where he sailed competitively and captained the cross-country team. Like many another St. Georgian, he went on to Harvard, where he flunked out after one term, racking up the unusual academic score of two A's and two E's. Troubled by family differences, when he returned to New York, Long resolved to make his own way, taking any job in the classified ads that had even a fragrance of opportunity.

He made his first bucks—about \$150 a week—delivering parcels on a commission basis on his own motorcycle. Long is the kind of hustler who, after so slight a start six years ago, might by now be well on his way to owning a transcontinental trucking business. Alas, it was not to be. After delivering parcels for about two weeks, while he was stopped in traffic on 46th Street, a taxi behind him suffered a stuck accelerator and plowed forward, slamming him into the car ahead. Long wasn't hurt, but his cycle was totaled.

He subsequently took a job as a door-to-door encyclopedia salesman with the P.F. Collier Company, operating strictly on commission: \$88 for each of the first 10 \$600 sets he sold and \$98 per set thereafter. Of the 14 prospective salesmen who started with him, after three weeks there were only two left: a onetime Persian rug merchant named Rasogi and a massive, 6' 5" Harlemite whose name eludes him. Long recalls that the big man's other source of income derived

from local chess clubs, where he would play a dozen games simultaneously against a dozen players, betting \$30 or more on each.

Long tried only once to peddle his books to the crime-leery citizens of New York City, where he found less than one in a hundred doors would open for him. Customarily a Collier field manager would drive him and four other salesmen to the far suburbs of New York—upstate or in Connecticut or Jersey—and drop them off in assigned territories. In such communities the chance of getting in the door was about one in 25; once inside, the chance of completing a two-hour pitch with a sale was about one in eight. Summing it up: \$88 to him for every 200 doorbells rung.

"We had many great lines to get in the door," Long recalls, "most of which verged on lying. Once inside, I'd try to get the family settled down on the couch, and by the end of the pitch I'd have the floor covered with pamphlets, brochures and free kids' encyclopedias. The family would be forced to stay on the couch to keep from stepping on everything. I'd box them in."

In most areas he needed a solicitor's license, and most such permits were valid only during daylight hours. Because it made little sense to make a pitch for a \$600 item while the man of the house was still at work, much of Long's selling was done illicitly after dark. Ordinarily the field manager wouldn't even drop Long and the other salesmen off until 5 p.m. and not pick them up at appointed street corners until around 11. If a salesman wasn't at his pickup spot on time, it was presumed that he was either in the middle of a hot sales pitch or was in the hands of the fuzz. Long was arrested only once, in New Jersey, getting off with a \$15 fine and a warning that, hereafter, he should get out of town by sundown.

After four months, Long was averaging four sales a week and was offered a field managership. But he had a Harvard girl friend who planned to spend the summer on Cape Cod. To be near her, he quit Collier and signed on as manager of a 30-room hotel on the Cape, stretching the truth to its elastic limits to get the job. When asked if he had previous hotel experience, Long said he had, at the Viking Hotel in Newport, R.I. (Truthfully, he had stayed

at the Viking on several occasions.)

Having succeeded at breadwinning in a grab-bag assortment of jobs, Long decided to try Harvard again. He went through the next 3½ years without a hitch, making the dean's list every term except one. He competed on the sailing team, finishing up as co-captain. While still in school, he also messed around in the 470 dinghy class, crewing for Skip Whyte when Whyte won the North American championship in 1978. Three months after graduating from Harvard, while Long was competing in a 470 in Florida, his father, Huey, phoned him on behalf of Ted Turner.

In 1978 Turner had bought not only *Courageous*, the boat in which he had sailed to victory, but also her stablemate, *Independence*. He needed someone to skipper *Independence* in preparation for the 1980 quest. Would Russell Long consider the job? Except for one casual handshake, Long had met Turner just twice before. Nine years earlier Turner had sailed aboard *Odin* in the Sydney-Hobart Race, dubbing Long, his 14-year-old watch mate, "Russell the Muscle." A year later Long competed against Turner in a Tempest class regatta. Long remembers that in every race, while he was still beating to the windward mark, Turner would already be around it, and in passing would shout out "Russell the Muscle!" in a voice loud enough to collapse spinners.

On being offered command of *Independence*, it first occurred to Long that Turner must be desperate to be reaching so far down in the sailing ranks for a spinning mite. Turner had indeed offered the job to two others: Ted Hood, her original skipper, and Tony Parker, a three-time runner-up in the Congressional Cup. But to think that Long as third choice was an act of desperation is to ignore a facet of Turner's genius. Turner is the world's most talented one-man impressment gang. He has an arcane, unrivaled knack for finding just the sort of man he wants, be it in a bar or on the dock or on the deck of a rival boat. (Turner signed aboard one of his best crewmen, Billy Adams, after they met by chance in the men's room of the bar from which Adams, the bartender, had wanted to evict Turner.)

For 24 hours Long pondered the unbelievable proposal of teaming with Turner and then accepted on three condi-

continued

tions, first, if *Independence* proved better than *Courageous*, Turner couldn't reclaim her; second, the two boats would be financed separately, and the syndicate that funded *Independence* would also have an option to buy her; and third, Long's father, Huey, would have nothing at all to do with his son's campaign.

It was agreed. Suddenly Russell Long, the lad who maintains that class boats are the cutting edge of the sport, had one of the classiest and costliest of class boats hanging around his neck like an albatross. Considering his affluent origins, funding the campaign might not have been a problem, but once again, Long went his own way. Neither his father nor mother has a dollar down. When the estimated budget of \$900,000 for the campaign is finally met by contributions large and small, less than 10% will have been contributed by anyone directly or remotely related to him. The bulk of it is being hustled up by Long, his crew and the syndicate co-chairmen, retired steel executive Dan Strohmeier and retired IBM vice-president Bob Huhner. Only about one in every 15 potential contributors has kicked in, but most came up with considerably more than the \$88 Long made per pitch when he was ringing doorbells for P.F. Collier.

Long spent last summer raising money, sorting through crew applicants and getting the feel of a boat that is four times longer and 215 times heavier than the 470 dinghies to which he was accustomed. He received an invitation to compete, all expenses paid, in the first 12-meter world championship in England.

COURAGEOUS The 63', 60,000-pound two-time defender retains her 1977 profile under water, but her bow and her transom have been pared

Although such a venture would have helped his own training and fund-raising programs very much, when the America's Cup selection committee lightly suggested that it would not be in the best interests of the Cup defense, he declined. Turner and his *Courageous* crew



CLIPPER The 65', 62,500-pound East Coast newcomer features a two-step transom for lightness, a wide trim-tab for windward efficiency

didn't show up in Newport, but Gerry Driscoll, the California skipper who almost won the right to defend in 1974, did work out with Long for four days in the old wood boat *Intrepid*. However, in the main, Long and his rookies had to learn in loneliness. "With no sparring mate," he says, "we were really between a rock and a hard spot. We spent the summer whaling away at our own shadow."

Finally, for eight cold days in October, Turner came to Newport. Despite their long layoff, Turner and his *Courageous* crew won most of the pickup races, but one day, when the skippers switched boats, Long found he was doing better in *Courageous* against Turner than Turner had done against him. That convinced Long that, in time, he and his team might be sufficient, but *Independence* was not.

And so it came to pass that *Independence* was scrapped and a new boat called *Clipper* was born.

How does *Clipper*, the new girl on the block, stack up against the other 12-meters? Naturally, she is getting the notice any new girl gets, and also is getting a few raves not ordinarily bestowed on

newcomers. Quite literally, she is the fairest of them all. Her trim bundle and the clean sweep of her buttock lines alone are enough to make any budding naval architect swoon. She is a bargain-basement beauty, a sentimental favorite, a hometown queen. For 50 years little

Newport has watched time-honored skippers come from afar to battle off Brenton Reef in their big America's Cup craft. Although five hulls built by Nat Herreshoff at Bristol, up Narragansett Bay a ways, defended the Cup, *Clipper* will be the first Newport boat ever to take part. She was designed on one side of historic Thames Street and built on the other—and to stretch the point further, she is skippered by a kid named Long, who got a lot of his schoolboy learning on the edge of town.

At the time he decided to build a new boat, Long and his cronies had raised about \$600,000, enough to campaign *Independence*. If he had been obliged to pay the going rate for an entirely new boat (about \$700,000), he would have gone back into the red over his head. As it happened, thanks to the ingenuity of two old America's Cup hands, Andy MacGowan and Bob Connell, who are now super boss and operations boss of Newport Offshore Limited, where *Clipper* was built, Long went back in the red only up to his navel. In bidding for the job, MacGowan, Connell and their construction superintendent, John Merrifield, proposed scrapping *Independence* and reusing her spars, rigging, deck gear and keel, thereby saving Long more than \$150,000.

To shape *Clipper's* hull



plates, the builders bought a costly machine that is properly called an Eckold Bender, but is colloquially known as a "nibbler." (The machine tucks and bends metal into proper curves.) Nibblers are commonly used in the aircraft industry but never before in the construction of a 12-meter hull. Thanks to the nibbler, when *Clipper* was plated, she proved so fair that her designer, David Pedrick, seriously suggested that to save weight, she not be faired further with synthetic glop or even painted. *Clipper* was painted, but because of her intrinsically clean plating, her superficial skin is several hundred pounds lighter than that of other 12-meters. In brief, she is a girl with little padding; her curves are her own.

Pedrick worked seven years for the naval firm of Sparkman & Stephens, and while there was in large part responsible

weapon. Anytime you're a little faster, your opponent will be trying to grind you down; anytime you're a little slower, you'll be trying to grind him down."

Before Long chose a name for his 12-meter, he considered several tie-in schemes that might persuade large companies to kick in a bundle. He made a presentation to the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company that his great grandfather had started, suggesting a cigarette brand name in exchange for a sizable contribution. He also went to the Reynolds Metals Company that his great-great uncle had founded, the tie-in between the farthest aluminum boat of all and an aluminum company seemed to him a natural. In both instances he struck out, though R.J. Reynolds did make a small contribution. Two weeks before the launching Long made a pitch to Pan

lunch time, the artist went to work again in the small hours of the night, sanding out *Eagle* and painting on *Clipper*. So it goes in the wonderful old Corinthian sport of yachting.

Both Conner and Turner revel in adversity and love to bad-mouth their own chances. Chirping boyishly, as he often does when he is trying to unload a posel of imperfect logic, Conner insists that in their upcoming duels, he, not Turner, is the underdog. "Turner is Muhammad Ali," he declares. "Turner is the champ. He has the experienced crew. He has the best boat. He has a lot more time in a 12-meter than anybody."

Turner has indeed sailed more miles in a 12-meter than anyone, but most of it was long ago, aboard his old, third-hand American *Eagle* after she was motorized, cabinized and otherwise corrupted for use as an ocean racer. In the three years since they successfully defended the Cup and stepped off *Courageous*, flush with victory and champagne and aquavit, Turner and his aged crew have worked out together a scant four weeks.

From mid-May of 1979 to mid-May of 1980, Conner's boats, *Freedom* and *Enterprise*, worked out together 147 days, pacing and racing, trying out gear and crew and sails. In that time, 140 sailors tried out for positions on the two boats and, in addition, able match-race helmsmen such as Malin Burnham, Ted Hood, Dennis Dargan and Dick Deaver came aboard, taking the helm of whichever boat Conner chose not to sail on a given day. If practice makes perfect, Conner, the self-appointed underdog, seems to have quite an edge. But it is an edge that could be easily worn away in the long summer. Turner has a slick pack. In tacks and jib changes and other such occasions where seconds count a lot, they steal distance slyly and end up with the boat lengths they need to win.

So what are Russ Long's chances in this battle of champs? Winch Grinder Dick Sadler, who at age 26 is the child of Turner's crew, puts it this way: "Long is not too far behind us right now. We can only get so much better, while he has many ways to improve."

One thing's for sure. The fuzz won't bust him for sailing after hours.

END



FREEDOM The 63', 61,000-pound West Coast contender has a low freeboard (distance from deck to waterline), making her stiffer in a breeze

for the design of *Courageous* and *Enterprise*. He was also involved in the re-design of *Intrepid*, when she was altered to make her more like *Courageous*. His *Clipper*, also is, in his words, "in the *Courageous* theme." To get him to give specifics as to just how *Clipper* varies from the original theme, it is first necessary to throw him to the floor and stand him on his head. When it comes to specifics, in the proper tradition of 12-meter designers, Pedrick is a clam.

Through the '60s there was a trend toward longer waterlines and heavier displacement, trading off sail area to stay in compliance with the 12-meter rule. *Courageous* was the forerunner of a return to quicker boats that are more suitable for dueling upwind. *Clipper* is a continuation of that. "The racing has been getting closer and closer," Pedrick says, "until today a 12-meter is truly a tactical

American World Airways, proposing the name *Clipper* in exchange for a hefty donation. On its way to Dan Colussy, the president of Pan Am, for final approval, the proposal went astray.

With time running out, Long decided to name the boat *Eagle*, without making a pitch to the *Eagle* pencilmakers or the shirt manufacturer or the rubber-goods concern that uses the same brand name. Thirty-six hours before the launching, an artist, painting in the secrecy of night, painted an eagle and the name *Eagle* on the transom of the boat. The next day somebody at Pan Am in New York caught up with the stray proposal. Was it too late? Colussy was headed for Hong Kong that very afternoon. There was much telephoning and rushing around, Long trying to get approval for such a commercial tie-in from the nabobs of the New York Yacht Club, the Pan Am ad agency trying to get a logo of the word *Clipper* to someone's girl friend, who was catching a train to Westerly, R.I. in 40 minutes—and so forth and so on. As a consequence, only 12 hours before

COLUMBUS GAVE IT TO SUGAR RAY



FOR \$10 QUBE SUBSCRIBERS GOT THE FIGHT AND ALSO A VOTE

Since it was the biggest prizefight payday in history for the participants, it is fitting that spectators paid the highest price ever—\$10—to watch a single televised event at home. As it turned out, that was a steal—not only was it a whale of a fight, but also, in Ohio, a splendid example of that new breed of new-fangled developments in TV's Brave New World of the '80s, spectator participation.

The Duran-Leonard fight was served up live to the network of QUBE (pronounced cube), the ultra-complex cable-TV system that is wired into approximately 30,000 homes in Columbus, and is owned by Warner Amex Cable Communications, a corporate amalgam of Warner Communications Inc. and the American Express Company. Outside of Columbus, a fortunate 125,000 viewers in northern Los Angeles, subscribers to National Subscription Television, received the fight live in their living rooms—but none were hooked up with QUBE's unique two-way system, which allowed nearly instantaneous round-by-round polling by parlor-bound spectators as the fight progressed. Of course, these home cable outlets produced no more than a drop in the vast planet-sized bucket of TV spectators. There were more than 100 theater, stadium and grandstand outlets in the U.S. and Canada, with more than a million viewers, plus outlets in 50 other countries where as many as 25 million more watched the fight.

Yet it is probably safe to say that no one

had more fun watching the fight than the estimated 50,000 viewers in some 8,000 QUBE homes in Columbus. They had their own special, supersophisticated electronic toy—the famed "QUBE console"—to add to their pleasure. QUBE's one-of-a-kind two-way system has amused and informed Columbus since it was inaugurated on Dec. 1, 1977. To oversimplify considerably, what it amounts to is a neat little electronic package, about the size of a large paperback book, with a series of pushbut-

tons for channel selection (there are 30 in all), plus five "response" buttons which are used for communicating viewer reactions. When the words *TOUCH NOW* appear on the screen, viewers push a response button and all of the replies are instantly relayed to a sprawling computer system located at the QUBE studio, a former washer-dryer warehouse just down Olentangy River Road from Ohio State University. The computer takes it all in and, within seconds, flashes the results on the home screen.

In the 2½ years of QUBE's existence, viewers have given instant opinions on everything from one of President Carter's several energetic speeches (61% "optimistic," 18% "pessimistic," 21% "confused") to which pair on a series of *US* magazine covers they preferred (they chose John Wayne and *The Incredible Hulk*). They have voted and given opinions on whether a Columbus suburb should build a Little League field or a band shell, on whether federal labeling on food and drugs is adequate, on whether city snow removal is efficient. They have watched a contest among bodybuilders and selected the man they would like most to see as "Mr. Columbus."

Admittedly, some of this polling can be useful as a kind of instant electronic democracy in action. But, in the main, it is strictly fun. The Ohioans have participated in a kind of local "Gong Show" in which they voted thumbs up or down for amateur talent, and

there have been Gong Shows run by a QUBE character, Flippo the Clown, in which small children can take part in competitions by pushing the response buttons.

Last week the fun was judging the Duran-Leonard spectacular. The first question asked, of course, was who the QUBE people predicted would win. They were far off. Their answer: Leonard (65%), Duran (27%), a draw (8%). And how would the winner win? By a knockout (35%), by a TKO (36%), by decision (29%)—meaning that a full 71% were wrong about that, too. In the round-by-round judging, the QUBEs of Columbus blew it again. The majority gave the fight to Sugar Ray by a combined 145-144 count.

Said Larry Wangberg, general manager of QUBE, "It's fun—a way of blending show business with electronics so people can break the usual passive mode of doing nothing but watching television. The participation element of it is very exciting for them. We're trying to find other ways to use the two-way participation in sports events."

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view), the opportunities are still apparently rather limited. QUBE has televised a number of Ohio State football games (at \$9 per game in 1978—the highest home-pay price ever until last week's fight). With former New York Giant Coach Albie Sherman as the commentator, QUBE viewers were allowed to vote on some rather inconsequential matters—such as who they thought was the most valuable player and what the score would be after each quarter. As for actually calling plays or second-guessing a coach or a referee, QUBE has not gotten so sophisticated—or so controversial—yet.

However, Wangberg sees the day when a TV audience, such as QUBE's, could actually sit as a functioning judge in certain events. "We might do it for gymnastics or diving contests," he said. "We could instruct the viewers in some of the fine points of these sports, then let them vote and count as one of, say, six or seven judges. It would be instructional, and everyone would be involved."

Such are some of the possibilities for further spectator participation in TV's world of the '80s. And what of boxing? Given QUBE's Duran-Leonard decision, perhaps judging bouts is best left to yet another decade. **END**

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From the age of six, when his first at bat sent a rifle shot past the ear of his unsuspecting father, Minnesota Outfielder Ken Landreaux has been a hitter. While growing up in suburban Los Angeles, Landreaux would go to games armed only with his bat. He purposely left the rest of his equipment at home, figuring that mundane accessories like balls and gloves could always be borrowed.

Today, bat still firmly in hand, Landreaux has slashed his way into a prominent position among American League hitters and has begun to justify some extravagant self-promotion in only his third full major league season. Landreaux, 25, was batting .316 through last Sunday's games, 13th in the league, and had hit safely in 49 of his 60 games overall.

He hit in 31 of those games consecutively (from April 23 to May 30) to build the league's longest streak in 31 years. "People around me were talking pressure and Joe DiMaggio but I didn't want to think of that before I got to 40 games, because I was having a ball," Landreaux says. "It was an unreal feeling, knowing that I was gonna get at least one cookie every game."

Even though the cookie crumbled against Baltimore's Scott McGregor, Twins Manager Gene Mauch says of Landreaux that major league pitching "poses absolutely no mystery to him." Landreaux himself says hitting has never been a problem: "All they have to do is let go of the ball." He's right, even if he does look smallish at 5' 11", 170 pounds and seems to shrink when he puts on his uniform. He compensates for this lack of stature at the plate with a steely concentration that begins in the on-deck circle and with a steady stroke that sends most hats up the middle and leaves pitchers wondering just how they're supposed to get the man out.

"When I faced him in the Dominican Republic a couple of years ago, the book was to pitch him inside," says White Sox Reliever Mike Proby. "But now we're supposed to pitch him away."

"Pitchers have all sorts of systems," says Landreaux, "but nothing is gonna work all the time."

Perhaps it is protective coloration, but Landreaux exudes a confidence that borders on cockiness. His mouth can be as quick as his bat as he fires off at pitchers or anyone else who crosses his path. This confidence is even apparent in his boddude step. But none of it is really the result of braggadocio; rather it is the effort to make his body back up what his mouth has promised, a trait that goes back to his youth.

"My friends and I would go to Dodger games, against the Giants, say, and

prosper; they guaranteed Landreaux a scholarship upon graduation.

The San Devils stuck to their promise despite a senior year in which he played sparingly and batted well under .300. Landreaux says the problem was a new coach who spent more time preparing for the football season than coaching baseball. In turn, Landreaux attended only selected games. "He didn't want to coach and I didn't want to play for him," Landreaux says. "Besides, I knew more about the game than he did." *continued*

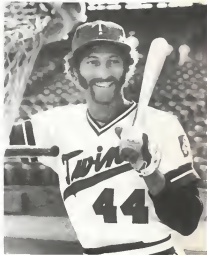
Hail to the new Carew

Everyone snickered when Ken Landreaux said he was as good a hitter as Rod, but to Minnesota's delight the outfielder has been backing up his words ever since

Willie Mays would do all these great things," Landreaux recalls. "They would all ooh and aah, but I just said 'I can do that.' Whatever I was doing I would pick out whoever was the best and try and top him."

Landreaux has been motivated in other ways, too. His Little League coach walked the bench with a puddle in his back pocket to ensure that his players' minds stayed on the game. "There was no room for error," Landreaux says. "If you didn't hustle or if you made a mental mistake, he'd give you a swat."

Most often, however, Landreaux has done the swatting. In his junior year at Dominguez High in Compton, Calif., Landreaux batted .380 and led his team to the sectional title, getting a double in the championship game at Anaheim Stadium. His performance impressed scouts from Arizona State, who were checking out another



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Landreaux was much happier at Arizona State, where he played three years, averaged .342 and made All-America. Coach Jim Brock says, "Ken came in as the classic player, the most complete player we ever had." No mean compliment, considering that Landreaux's predecessors include the Dodgers' Rick Monday, the Brewers' Sal Bando, the Yankees' Reggie Jackson and the Rangers' Bump Wills.

Landreaux left ASU in 1976 to sign with the Angels, and that year he played 21 games with El Paso of the Double A Texas League. In 1977 he became the minor league Player of the Year after a torrid split season in which he batted .354 at El Paso and .359 at Salt Lake City (Triple A).

This immediate success convinced Landreaux that the next step, playing in the majors in his own backyard, would be a breeze. Instead, he rode the Angels' bench in 1978, appearing in only 93 games and batting .223. During the off-season Landreaux was one of four players California sent to Minnesota for Rod Carew. Landreaux took the news of the trade in typical fashion, insisting the Angels had been robbed, that a straight-up Carew-for-Landreaux deal would have been more equitable. "That's how I felt, I had to put some static in the air," Landreaux says.

Landreaux may not have measured up to the Carew of today last season, but he did compare well with Rod at the same stage. By batting .305 and driving in 83 runs, he easily topped Carew's (1968) second-year figures of .273 and 42.

Despite Landreaux's continued success, he is feeling disillusioned about life in the major leagues. He is still upset that the Angels traded him, and even more upset at what he considers shabby treatment by owner Calvin Griffith. Recently Griffith fined Landreaux \$100 for wearing his pants so low that they covered the team emblem on his leggings. The fine was imposed early in Landreaux's hitting streak and was immediately followed by a two-game benching because, according to Mauch, "Ken's pre-game warmup indicated to me that he needed a rest."

Landreaux has also been chagrined by what he considers to be a lack of recognition for his defensive ability. After spending the first part of the season in leftfield, he was moved to center two weeks ago and has played very well there.

This is no small accomplishment considering the adventurous terrain in Metropolitan Stadium, where, Landreaux swears, line drives have hit the turf and rolled back toward the infield.

"I can't play defense; that's what I've always heard," Landreaux says. He is so hung up on the matter that when Mauch recently described Landreaux as his "best defensive outfielder," the player said the manager didn't really mean it.

Mauch feels Landreaux's unhappiness could be cured by the sixth-place Twins winning a few more games. "Everything about the man is taste, class and style," Mauch says. "Losing the way we've been doing is very upsetting to him."

Landreaux smiles at the suggestion as he moves into the batting cage. Doing what he does best, shooting the ball up the middle, he releases some of his annoyance. "Right now I'm just tired," he says, which may explain why his average has fallen from a May 21 high of .366. "I'll probably taper off until the All-Star break, but after that, look out. I mean, I don't even start to hit until July."

THE WEEK

(Week of 5-21)
by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST

New York (7-4) walked to a 7½-game lead, getting strike-up-the-band hitting from Graig Nettles (four homers, 10 RBIs), Reggie Jackson (four homers, eight RBIs) and Jim Spencer (two homers, 11 RBIs). Ron Guidry was humming, too, as he beat the Angels 5-0.

Jorge Orta provided basso profundo-type hitting for the Indians (4-3), tying a league record of six hits for a nine-inning game and stretching his streak to nine straight safeties before being stopped. Altogether, Orta batted .452. Mike Hargrove hit five doubles, and Miguel Dilone batted .471 and stole five bases, giving him 19 since joining the team on May 9. Dan Spillner and Len Barker joined John Denny as seven-game winners, the first time Cleveland has had such a trio this early since the Big Three days of Herb Score, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn in 1955. Further encouragement came when Wayne Garland pitched his first complete game in a year to beat Chicago 5-3.

Steve Stone's pitching and pinch hits by Lenn Sakata and John Lowenstein helped the Orioles (6-1) jump from sixth place to fourth. Stone fanned 18 batters as he fired two five-hitters to beat California 5-3 and Seattle 9-0.

Sakata's single in the ninth defeated Oakland 3-2, and Lowenstein's hit tied the A's at 3-3 the next day. Lowenstein's theatrics did not end there, however. On the same play, he set up the winning run by juggling safely into second when first baseman Jeff Newman cut off an outfield relay and hit Lowenstein in the back of the neck with a throw. As Lowenstein was carried off the field on a stretcher he got a rousing cheer from Baltimore fans by sitting up and clenching his fists in a Rocky Balboa-type salute.

Ben Oglivie of the Brewers (4-4), the league leader in homers, with 18, and in RBIs, with 49, hit a fence-clearing shot and drove in three runs as the Rangers succumbed 10-4. Moose Haas and Larry Sorensen earned their seventh victories by stopping Kansas City, the former winning 10-5 as Dick Davis had four RBIs, and the latter prevailing 5-1 as Don Money homered twice.

Jack Morris and Milt Wilcox of the Tigers (4-2) also won their seventh games: Morris stopped Milwaukee 3-0, and Wilcox beat the Brewers 6-5 and Chicago 4-1. Al Cowens was suspended for seven games and fined an undisclosed sum by League President Lee MacPhail for charging and grabbing Chicago's Ed Farmer apparently because the receiver had broken his jaw with a pitch in May 1979. Last week's fracas occurred when Cowens hit a ground ball to shortstop and, instead of running to first, raced to the mound and bloodied Farmer's nose.

Even with Fred Lynn hitting .417, Jim Rice slugging three homers and Rick Burleson batting .419, the Red Sox (4-3) struggled. During three losses, Boston pitchers were bombed for 35 runs and 51 hits. The week's most severe loss came in a 4-2 defeat to California on Saturday when Rice was hit by a pitch on his left wrist. He'll be out five to six weeks.

Toronto (3-4) replaced Detroit in last place. The Blue Jays, who were early-season tremors, have lost 19 of 30 games.

NY 43-21 MIL 35-28 BOS 34-30 BAL 34-31
CLEV 32-30 DET 30-30 TOR 30-32

AL WEST

Clint Hurdle of the Royals (3-4) insists that his sudden transformation from a perennial pop-up to a veritable Popeye stems from his decision last spring to shun all batting tips and to adopt the philosophy of the comic-strip character: "I Yam what I Yam an' tha's all I Yam." By hitting .500 during his last 15 games, Hurdle has raised his average to .331. At week's end the Royals were the only club in the West above .500, and they had opened their lead to a whopping eight games.

For one brief day it was as if California (2-5) had—Shazam!—been transformed from a tail-ender to a world-beater, tying or breaking six team records while snapping a nine-game losing streak in a 20-2 thrashing of Boston. Playing the role of Captain Mar-

continued



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vel was 5' 5 1/2". Freddie Patek, who had three home runs, a double and seven RBIs, and received a standing ovation from the Fenway fans after his third blast. "It's hard to think something like this happened to a guy like me," said Patek, who averaged three homers in 12 previous seasons. Overall, the Angels had six homers among their 26 hits, and 52 total bases. Frank Tanana, who had been struggling all year, went the distance, tossing a five-hitter. Rod Carew, who lifted his average to .346 with a .520 week, had three hits as California again beat Boston, 4-2.

Bud Harrelson of the Rangers (4-3), whose six homers in 15 seasons made him even less of a menace than Patek, hit his first four-bagger in three years. That, plus Doc Medich's six-hitter, took care of Milwaukee 8-1.

Buch Wynegar was the big gun for the Twins (4-2). Wynegar batted .500 and had three hits in both of Geoff Zahn's victories, 4-0 in Toronto and 3-2 against Cleveland. Jose Morales' grand slam beat the Tigers 5-1, and rookie Doug Corbett lowered his ERA to 1.95 when he held off the Blue Jays 8-6 with 4 1/2 innings of shutout relief.

The White Sox, A's and Mariners all played like Charlie Brown's All-Stars. Two newcomers gave Chicago (1-5) its only respite, Todd Cruz sagging across two runs in the eighth to make a winner of Lamar Hoyt, who hurled 2 1/2 innings of scoreless relief to shut down Cleveland 5-3. Oakland (1-6) won 11-8 in Boston as Mickey Klutas doubled three times. Seattle (1-6) narrowly averted a winless week, defeating Baltimore 3-1 when Ted Cox backed up Floyd Bannister's three-hit pitching with a three-run homer in the ninth.

KC 39-26 CHi 30-33 TEX 30-35 OAK 30-38
SEA 29-37 MINN 27-37 CAL 23-40

NL WEST Houston (6-1) pitchers did not let minor troubles get them down as they maintained their team ERA lead and held opponents to a .390 batting average. J.R. Richard was gunning for his fourth straight shutout, but after striking out eight Cubs in five innings and having his scoreless-inning string ended at 31, he removed himself because of a "dead arm." Joaquin Andujar gave up just one hit the rest of the way to lock up the ninth victory for Richard, who explained that his arm weariness was "nothing to worry about." Joe Nickro's lamens after blanking St. Louis 3-0 was that he had "only a far knuckleball." And Nolan Ryan, after yielding one hit to the Cardinals in seven innings, came out because he felt ill. Joe Sambito finished the 2-0 triumph with two half-innings and in the next two days added his seventh and eighth saves. One starter who could not find anything to complain about was Vern Riffe, who beat Chicago 2-1 and then Pittsburgh 4-2 for the Astros' 15th win in 17 games and their 14th in a row at home. With a 2.59 ERA overall, the Houston

staff has a chance to finish with the best figure since Baltimore's 2.53 in 1972.

Instead of going into a rage when his team played poorly, as he has in the past, Manager Tom Lasorda calmly told the Dodgers (5-2) they were capable of playing better ball. In a similarly workmanlike manner, Los Angeles promptly rallied for three straight wins. Against the Expos the Dodgers overcame a 7-1 deficit to win 8-7, then Joe Ferguson hit a pinch homer in the 10th for a 5-3 victory. With two out, nobody on base in the ninth and New York ahead 3-2, Los Angeles pulled out a 4-3 victory as Jay Johnstone and Steve Garvey singled and Dusty Baker doubled both home. The Dodgers got shutouts from Bob Welch, 1-0 over Montreal, and Jerry Reuss, 5-0 over New York.

Manager Dave Bristol of the Giants (6-1) used veteran tactics than Lasorda, blackening John Montefusco's eye in a one-punch clubhouse fight. The pitcher had heatedly complained because Bristol yanked him—after he loaded the bases with two walks and a single when he was three outs away from an 8-2 victory over the Mets. San Francisco eventually won 8-5. Jack Clark's .464 hitting helped the Giants climb from sixth place to fourth, as did Bob Knepper's 3-0 shutout of the Mets.

Manager Jerry Coleman of San Diego (4-3) got tough, too, but he still couldn't keep his team from sliding into the cellar. After the Padres missed eight signs in two days, Coleman instituted a \$50 fine for further goof-ups. Although Randy Jones and Rick Wise, the team's best starting pitchers, went on the 21-day disabled list with rib-cage injuries, the Padres won four of their next five games. Reliever Rolfe Fingers pitched 6 1/2 scoreless innings while notching his sixth and seventh victories and eighth save. And for the first time in 23 days and 25 attempts, a San Diego catcher gunned down a would-be base stealer when Bill Fahey nailed a runner at second.

Cincinnati (2-5) labored for its two wins and dropped seven games behind. The Reds needed back-to-back home runs in the ninth by Johnny Bench and Ray Knight to defeat Pittsburgh 4-3. And they required a five-run seventh for Frank Pastore to beat the Cardinals 8-5 for his ninth victory.

Atlanta (5-3) swept three games from Pittsburgh, but had plenty of help from the Pirates, who committed key errors on both games of a 3-2, 5-4 doubleheader loss. Bill Naboradoy took advantage in the ninth inning of the opener with a three-run double. Atlanta gained another one-run victory the next day, winning 4-3 as Jeff Burroughs slammed his first homer in 11 months. The Braves also beat the Cardinals 6-3. Chris Chambliss driving in five runs, and defeated the Cubs 8-0 behind the three-hit pitching of Doyle Alexander.

HOUS 40-23 LA 28-27 CIN 34-31
SF 30-35 ATL 26-36 SD 29-37

NL EAST East is East and West is West, and last week the twin met. But for the Eastern clubs, which lost 28 of 43 games, it was a twin wreck. Only the Cubs and Phillies (both 4-3) had winning records. Chicago regained fourth place as Jerry Martin homered three times and Bruce Sutter saved four games with 8 1/2 innings of scoreless relief. Philadelphia beat the Dodgers 3-2 on Manny Trillo's 12th-inning double and 6-5 on Greg Gross' eighth-inning pinch single.

After John Candelario defeated Houston 4-1 and Tim Lincecum drove in three runs to beat Cincinnati 5-3, Pittsburgh (2-6) collapsed, four losses coming by one run.

The Expos (2-5) floundered even though Warren Cromartie continued his hot hitting (he has batted .405 during the last 18 games) and Rodney Scott stole two bases to raise his number of thefts to 21. Despite its reputation as a strong late-inning club, Montreal was outscored 17-4 in the final three innings of last week's games.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TOBY HARRAH: The Cleveland third baseman drove in seven runs during a 14-5 drubbing of Minnesota, doubled in the 15th to beat the Twins 4-3 and finished the week with 11 RBIs, two steals and a .500 average.

The Mets (0-7) began a 15-game road trip that Lee Mazzilli said would "show us what we're made of." What they were made of was hitters who batted .222 and fielders who were hardly better. During an 8-5 loss to the Giants, the Mets uncorked four wild pitches, made four errors, bungled a pickoff, missed a cutoff throw and let a foul drop uncaught.

Catcher Terry Kennedy of the Cardinals (3-4) doubled in two runs in the 13th to beat the Reds 10-9. Two days later Catcher Ted Simmons doubled in the ninth to upend Atlanta 3-2. In an effort to use both players, Manager Whitey Herzog shifted the 6'4", 220-pound Kennedy to leftfield, a move that paid off when he hit a pair of three-run homers to defeat Cincinnati 7-5. Still, all was not well. John Fulgham and Keith Hernandez argued on the team bus in Cincinnati and then fought briefly after getting off at their hotel. When Herzog heard that some players warned reporters not to write about the episode, he said, "If you see it, you've got to write about it." Herzog also scolded his team during a clubhouse meeting and defended Fulgham, who went on the disabled list on Friday because of arm trouble. Some teammates had accused Fulgham of dogging it, a charge Herzog put down by saying, "He's one of the most competitive guys on this team."

MONT 25-26 PHIL 33-27 PIT 34-30
CHi 27-33 NY 27-35 ST L 24-40

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Several women bowling pros were sitting around the coffee shop at the Mundelein (Ill.) Lanes last week laughing about the mother who worried over the lack of development of one of her twins—until she discovered she had been feeding the other six meals a day. Such small cases of misidentification are good for a big reaction among members of the Womens Professional Bowlers Association, because these days their tour is a source of similar confusion. Two of its stars—in fact, a case can be made for saying its two stars—have the name Pat Costello.

P. Costello vs. P. Costello is an identity crisis of the first order. They're not related, but both have the middle name Ann. They're both 33 years old. In the WPBA's seven tournaments this year, P. Costello and P. Costello—just two of about 80 entrants in each event—have finished next to each other three times.

The pinnacle of double vision came a few weeks ago when P. Costello won a \$50,000 tournament in Rockford, Ill., and P. Costello came in second. Appropriately, the local newspaper ran a picture of a P. Costello with a caption identifying her as the winner. Wrong P. Costello. No big deal, though, seeing as pretty much the same thing had happened once before in Cranston, RI after a P. Costello had won a tournament.

Reading the results of a WPBA event can be mystifying. Says one P. Costello, "Most people think we're a misprint." When a P. Costello got married recently, it was thought that a hyphenated last name would, at last, end the chaos. No chance. Says that P. Costello, "I'm not letting 'em off the hook now. I'm keeping the confusion going."



If all else fails, there's one sure way of telling the P. Costellos apart: Pennsylvania Patty is the left-hander, California Pat the right-hander.



It's pat-ently confusing

Two of the top winners on the women's pro tour happen to be named P. Costello

When Pat Costello, the married one, who's from Union City, Calif., joined the WPBA tour in 1968, life was reasonably simple. Then, two years later, the second Pat Costello, from Scranton, Pa., came along. "Thank God they're not from the same state or we'd all slit our throats," says a WPBA executive.

California Pat was asked by tour officials if she'd like to change her name. She asked them if they'd like to drop dead. In a moment of pique not too long ago, WPBA Commissioner Roger Blumre said, "The way you tell the Costellos apart is that Pat is the rude one."

Pennsylvania Pat, being new and with no real choice in the matter, was called Patricia during her first tournament, but she hated it. Well, what about Patsy? "I am not," she snarled, "the Patsy type." So, Pennsylvania Pat reluctantly accepted Patty as a very poor second choice.

But for WPBA fans, the difference between Pat and Patty is a slim one. And the distinction is lost altogether on many bowling writers, for whom the next stop is obit rewrite. When California Pat (she is seldom called that) bowled the record series for a woman of 863 (games of 298, 266 and 299) in 1978, news of the feat was sent out across the land—only the writer's report credited Pennsylvania Patty (who's also seldom called that) with the accomplishment. P. Costello and P. Costello also suspect that when votes are being taken for various tour awards, the Costello who gets a vote is not necessarily the Costello the balloter had in mind.

Blumre confesses that when he took his job 2½ years ago, "I couldn't get them straight." The tour's tournament director, Larry Swafford, estimates the two

continued

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are mixed up "90% of the time." It doesn't help that California Pat is called Patty by some of her friends and that Pennsylvania Patty is called Pat by a lot of hers.

In truth, the Costellos are quite different in bowling style (Patty of Pa. is jerky; Pat of Calif. is smooth); in performance in the clutch (Patty tends to leave herself with splits; Pat is wont to squeeze the ball too hard and thus leave the 10-pin standing); and in manner (Patty is reserved; Pat is mouthy). Keen observers also note that Patty is left-handed and Pat rolls right. Still, it seems that P. Costello has been dominating bowling twice as long as she really has and been winning twice as much as she actually has.

Patty's career—O.K., lip-readers, one last time, Patty's the one from Pennsylvania—already is legendary. She has won a record 19 tournaments; in 1976 she won seven of the WPBA's 14 tour events. Her lifetime winnings of nearly \$123,000 are the second highest on record. During one span, in 1972, Patty won three tournaments in a row. All of which is heady accomplishment for the young lady who, while growing up in Maryland, could've been voted least likely to succeed by her classmates.

"School doesn't teach you things you need to learn," she says. "When was the last time you had to order at a restaurant in Latin?"

By the time she was 15, the only thing Patty cared much about was bowling. And thanks to the encouragement—and coaching—of her late father, Bill, she came to excel at the game. Meanwhile, she drifted in the rest of her life. For three months she vainly tried hustling encyclopedias door to door, and later found herself selling ads for a nonexistent newspaper. In the winters she gravitated to beautician's work.

But bowling remained Patty's love, and when she kept winning side bets of a few dollars in local competition, she decided to become a pro. "Most people work when they are young," she says, "then try to play when they get older. I'm playing first. I'll work later." Despite such disclaimers, bowling is also a business to her. "I'm out here to make money," Patty says. "Winning is only part of it. Second is better than third, and third is better than fourth."

"Patty should be the best-known woman bowler ever," says Swafford. "She's earned it." Patty—twice Bowler of the

Year—agrees. But she has rarely had any endorsements or commercial tie-ins, and media attention has always been slight. Her best deal was with an Akron sports-equipment firm that contracted to pay her bonuses for winning tournaments; in two years Patty earned \$10,000 in bonuses. In time, the company came up with a check for \$3,500. It bounced four times. And Patty still has it. "I think companies go by looks," she says, "which is nice for those who look nice."

Patty declines to name names, but an

but had no wins. A pin here and a pin there and she would have lapped the field—and everyone knows it.

Three months ago, Pat went to work at a bowling center in Dublin, Calif. that is operated by the PBA's Bowler of the Decade, Earl Anthony. The money was good, and so was the opportunity to practice. "I never used to practice," she says. "I just bowled on instinct. I remember watching the women pros bowl once, and I thought, 'My God, I can beat these women with only 10 days' practice.'"



You can call her Patty (left) and you can call her Pat, but don't dare call either one of them Patsy.

obvious case is Barbara Thorberg, who has never won a pro tournament but does well in terms of outside income. Recently, Patty received a call from a man who said he wanted to be her agent. "I said fine. After all, I figured that 80% of something was better than 100% of nothing," she says. Later, the agent reported back that Patty couldn't be marketed.

Even back home in Scranton, where she moved six years ago, Patty doesn't get no respect. Why, for example, hasn't she been voted into the local Hall of Fame? "I guess," she says, "that I'm just not good enough to get into the Scranton Hall of Fame."

Nobody sympathizes with Patty's dismay over her lack of fame and endorsements more than Pat. She doesn't have any either. "Patty and I are the athletic-looking type, not the cutesy type," she says. But while a P. Costello isn't likely to find herself on a poster anytime soon, Pat—California Pat, righthanded Pat—may be on the brink of dominating the sport.

Last year she was the WPBA's leading money-winner, with \$25,060 in 18 tournaments; she was second four times, third three times and fourth three times,

With 12 tour victories, she has proved her point, but after her performance in '79 it occurred to Pat that she could be really good, so she sought Anthony's advice—and it seems to have helped.

Already this year, with the heat of the schedule still ahead, Pat has won two tournaments. She has also helped herself by getting her temper under control. "I have fined Pat for kicking ball returns and kicking out foul lights—but I love her for it," says Swafford. "I want these women to be themselves." There have been no tantrums and no fines this year.

Pat took up bowling as a Girl Scout, when she and her friends went for merit badges in the sport. She averaged 135; the next best was 70. In 1965 she became the first junior girl ever to bowl a 300 game. Throughout her career, however, Pat has not been given her due, she has never been voted Bowler of the Year, an honor bestowed by the bowling writers. "She's been her own worst enemy," says one pro, referring to her short temper.

But what may be hurting her most of all is that the voters can't figure out if she's P. Costello or P. Costello. **END**

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Marianna and Earl Weaver



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CONTINUED

They're average folks who live behind an A & P and worry about inflation. She's "the second wife," a small-town girl, and he's a self-made man who'd be just one of the boys were he not, as manager of the Orioles, considered a genius

by Frank Deford

In a powder-blue suit and matching twinkle, Earl Weaver sits in a hotel lobby, as he is wont to do when the Baltimore Orioles are on the road. From this armchair perspective, not a great deal has happened in the quarter century that Weaver has been managing baseball clubs. America then was a nation of goals. Now it is a land of expectations. That's the trouble with things; the rest is about the same. Baseball, for one, is about the same. He, for another, is about the same. Never expected a thing. Just wanted to make an honest dollar and have a little left over for a rainy day. Earl always puts salt in his beer.

Isn't that something? He's out there screaming at umpires, advising Hall of Famers how to play a game he couldn't—"All Earl knows about pitching is that he couldn't hit it," one of Weaver's pitchers once said—stealing thunder, setting records, charming, irritating and, above all, being an opinion maker. That is, everybody has an opinion about Earl. Either: great manager, as smart as ever there was. Or: crude little bigmouthed parasite. But the kicker is: It doesn't get to Earl. He knows he'll have the last laugh, because if they fire him tomorrow, he has security—a pension and two places of residence, his old house in Baltimore County and a condominium in Florida that he bought when the market was low. Besides, he can always go back to selling cars. Earl has got the gun loaded. He didn't ask for any of this, the pension excepted. It beats warehouse work. They can't touch him.

The Orioles, defending American League champs, have been struggling most of the way this season. "The worst that can happen," Earl says, "is this keeps happening, they get rid of me, and I get paid to spend the summer not working."

Can't touch him. He has gone past all his goals and has money in the bank. All he really worries about is inflation. "Right now," Earl says in the lobby, lighting up another Raleigh. "I'm just sitting here trying to figure out how to get out of a losing streak tonight. But that 1990 scares me to death." Can't manage the economy, eh, Earl, heh-heh?

Earl says a dirty word, another of his warts. It's his nature. Some of his remarks, as recorded on these pages, are not quite the same as they were when delivered. You can't

believe everything you read. Last year Earl tore up a rule book in an umpire's face to drive home that selfsame point.

Earl is familiar with hard times. He was conceived almost exactly at the time of the stock-market crash of '29—a Depression Baby. He'll be 50 this Aug. 14, and he's thinking about retiring in two years. Originally, it was his plan to retire after this season, but, you know, inflation.

Hold on. You could set all kinds of managing records if you stayed, Earl. He says a dirty word. "If I get boed, I could always put in some floor time at a car showroom," he says. "That can be fun if you don't have to eat on it."

All along people have said, "Poor managers, they don't have any security," and they don't. Weaver beat that, because right up to the time he got the job with the Orioles on July 11, 1968, he never had any security. So what was the big deal about managing? He just went out and managed his way, acted his way. "The moment he got the job, there was no question," says Frank Robinson, one of the in-cipient Hall of Famers Weaver has managed. "It didn't matter that he'd been only a little minor-leaguer—from the start there was no timidity. Earl'd be up arguing with you. Right from the start." Managing a source of insecurity for Earl? Hell, it was the best payday he'd ever had.

Earl is in the dugout now. He spends even more time there than most managers. He patrols it. Before games, he holds court there. During games, he talks continuously to himself or his coaches, now mounting the steps to berate his taller athletes, now slinking down the tunnel toward the clubhouse for a quick smoke. (You're not supposed to smoke in the dugout. Spitballs are also against the law.) There is a definite sense that you're in the Weaver home when you're in the Oriole dugout.

Joe Garagiola comes into the dugout. "Earl," he says, "they want me to call you feisty."

Earl says a dirty word. Joe shows him the script and says, "How about combative?"

Earl makes an expression; combative is no prize, but he can live with it. But, for goodness sake, let's get the record straight. "I ain't throwing no hand grenades," Earl protests.

People have the wrong impression. For example, Weaver says, sure he's been ejected from 74 games, lifetime, major leagues, but that's misleading. He may use some dirty words, in passing, but he never calls the umpires anything bad to their faces.

To get this straight, Weaver has Marty Springstead, an umpire, as a guest on his pregame radio show, *The Earl of Baseball*. Into the microphone, Earl says, "Now tell the people, Marty, how I've never called you a dirty name."

Springstead doesn't want to be a rude guest. "Well," he says, after thinking it over, "once." Earl laughs. That must have been a beauty.

Let's get back to Garagola. "Combative," Earl muses. "I ain't been in a fight since '57 in Fitzgerald, Georgia, when I went into the other team's dugout."

Why?

"They were on me."

Go with combative, Joe.

Weaver is, in fact, barely 5' 6" dripping wet, even if he is listed at 5' 8". He had good hands and—relatively, anyway—could hit with men on base. But he had little range and no power, so he didn't even get up to Triple A during the time he played second base in the Cardinal system. Half the managers in the majors are former infielders, and most of them, like Weaver and Gene Mauch and Sparky Anderson, were scrappers, pepper pots, as they were once known. The general assumption is that these fellows figured out early they couldn't make it as players and became students of the game, sitting next to the crafty old veteran manager, drinking in strategy, dreaming and scheming of making it up the ladder as a pilot.

Not Earl. If he considered his future at all when he was playing, his concerns were about what kind of job he could finagle over the winter. He never thought about managing until he got handed the player-manager job at Knoxville, Tenn. late in the '56 season. Earl never thought about managing higher up until he was hired higher up. He kept at it because he could make more money managing in the bushes than selling cars or carrying hods. And he turned out to be a natural. Why not? There are natural hitters, nat-



Ferdy? Combative? Earl jives with ump as Rick Dempsey, who has heard it all, waits, bored.

ural pitchers. Earl Weaver was just a natural manager. The little sonuvabitch could flat do it. What is managing, Earl?

"Get the guy up there you want," he says.

Earl put out his Pull Mall. Sometimes he can't get Raleighs, because, he says, the company that makes them sticks all its money into coupons and can't get into the vending machines. What are you going to get with all those Raleigh coupons, Earl?

"A brass coffin," he says.

You are really very uncomplicated, aren't you, Earl?

He says a dirty word decorating his "yes."

Earl, you are baseball; for better for worse, for richer for

continued

poorer. So there is one thing that just doesn't fit. How is it you don't chew tobacco? You are baseball, Earl. You should chew tobacco. Explain this.

Earl says a dirty word. Then he bares his teeth. Terrific teeth. Almost as handsome as his hair, of which he is especially proud. Earl likes to wear his hat tilted back on his head, showing a full shock of hair. "These ain't mine," Earl says—the teeth, not the hair. "I chewed so much tobacco coming up, it rotted all my real teeth out."

Earl is baseball. Can do it all.

The Weavers live in a modest brick-and-clapboard house in the working-class suburb of Perry Hall. Their house isn't what you'd call pretentious. It is catty-corner to the back of an A & P, which is the gemstone of a small shopping center on old U.S. 1. If there are any truths in life, one would surely be that as long as you live only a parking lot away from U.S. 1, you're not getting carried away with yourself. The Weavers, Earl and Marianna, live there with his vegetable garden, their two small dogs and her daughter from an earlier marriage, Kim, who is 21 and a BaseBelle at Memorial Stadium.

Often, when Earl refers to Marianna, he calls her "the second wife," but that's not as blunt as it sounds. After all, Weaver's forever talking about Ken Singleton, the No. 3 hitter, or Tim Lincecum, the No. 1 reliever. Earl's first marriage was a casualty of baseball, of his never being home during the summers and then starting to manage in the Caribbean winters, too. That was the straw that broke the camel's back, the Caribbean work. He has three grown children from that marriage, and the first wife is remarried.

The second wife is dark-haired, slender, not at all like Earl, who is stubby and cute. Marianna, a secretary in Elmira, N.Y., had been married to a salesman when Earl met her in 1963, shortly after his divorce. He was the manager of the Class A Elmira Pioneers, and they were married the next season, after he led the Pioneers to the Eastern League pennant. Earl wasn't single long between marriages. "You spend all your time alone in a hotel room on the road, and the last thing you want is to come back home to another room alone," he says. "Of course, the worst thing about being on the road is all you want to do when you get home is to stay home, but as soon as you get back, all the wife wants to do is go out, because she's been stuck home all the time you've been stuck on the road."

The Weavers were very happy in Elmira and even kept their house there after Earl moved up to manage Rochester in '66 and to coach Baltimore in '68. Indeed, he was re-

luctant to take the job at Triple A Rochester, the Orioles' top farm. "There wasn't no place to go up from there," he explains, meaning that at Elmira he still had breathing room. Once he got to Rochester, he was afraid that he had reached the end of the line and would get bumped after one bad summer. He says he refused to consider that Rochester might be a stepping-stone.

Yet the second wife claims Weaver did a little dreaming, too. The paycheck always came first, but take some of his disclaimers with a grain of salt. After a few gigs, he would let on to Marianna what was in his heart. "It was always year to year, for him," she says. "Every winter he'd wonder whether he'd survive another season. But Earl always had confidence in himself. He told me he was capable of managing anywhere, and he was sure he could be the best if he ever got the chance." She paused for a beat, not to consider, only for effect. "And he was right."

The Weavers don't dwell on this sort of thing, though.

They prefer to look at events in a more down-to-earth way, to revel ever so slightly in how far they've come. "I didn't have any idea how smart and talented he was when I first met him," Marianna says, joking somewhat. She is very good for the second husband because she doesn't get too involved with his work. Except when company is visiting, Marianna prefers to stay home and listen to Oriole games on the radio, and in many respects she is less impressed by Earl's baseball exploits than by the fact that now she can flick on the TV or open up a magazine and there he'll be, a tout for some respectable commercial enterprise—a bank, a brand of

meat, a line of air conditioners. Even the World Series is merely baseball, air conditioning—"How a hothead keeps his cool"—is the stuff of reality.

Same with Earl. Nothing in baseball ever frightened him, but he is nervous about his budding broadcasting career. Despite his fear, he is very good behind the mike, if not exactly perfect. Here is Earl intruding Jim Frey, one of his closest friends, a former Oriole coach, now manager of the Kansas City Royals: "We're fortunate to have with us Jim Frey, the new manager of the Kansas City... well, whatever they are." That tape was done over. "I was going to say Chiefs, but I knew they weren't that," Earl says.

Since Ron Luciano—"my old nemesis," as Weaver styles him—quit umpiring this year to become a former ump posing as a baseball color announcer, the thought of becoming a TV star has appealed to Weaver even more. Certainly, he is a prospect: he talks at length, and he has a wonderfully distinctive rasp, besides, he knows a lot of "inside" stuff,

continued



Weaver handles his pepper plants as deftly as he does pinch hitters

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At home with hard-bitten Bird Manager Earl Weaver: mornings, Earl fools around in his vegetable garden. "I'm sure people who read about Earl think, 'Oh, that poor girl who's married to him.' But he leaves the baseball at the park," Marianna says. "He can be very considerate and very gentle. He sure is with those lettuce plants. He treats them like babies. He talks to them." Earl finds peace with his vegetable plants. If Earl could garden nights on the road and in the winter, the way he does summer days back of the A & P, he wouldn't have a problem in the world.

At lunchtime Marianna yoo-hoes to Earl out in the garden, and he comes in for their big meal of the day. Then, around two o'clock, he takes a nap. Marianna gets into her nightclothes and takes a nap with him. Just lie there like babies, the two of them, dozing off.

Then Earl gets out of bed and goes off to Memorial Stadium and starts raising hell. "All it is, I work the 3-to-11 shift," he says. After the game, he comes back home, has a snack and a drink or two with Marianna and then climbs into bed and starts watching television, whatever's on. Most nights, Manager Earl Weaver falls asleep to reruns of *The Streets of San Francisco*.

Of course, this is not quite as idyllic as it sounds, the reason being that sometimes the Orioles lose games, something they've been doing with unexpected frequency this year—they were 34-32 at the week's end. Earl says he had it best back in '68, when he came up to the Orioles as first-base coach. This is one of those things to take with a grain of salt. On the one hand, Weaver certainly was as happy as a pig in slop that he was finally in the majors, hitting fungoes, building up a pension and doing it all with a responsibility that was, to say the least, limited. Hank Bauer was the manager then. "I would see Bauer doing this," Weaver says, and he imitates Bauer, rising an inch off his seat, settling back down, rising up, settling down once more. "He sits back, the first pitch, McNally throws a double down the line," Earl says. Then he says a dirty word. "Why did I want that aggravation?"

On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that Weaver could have long tolerated sitting still as a coach. The point is that at last he had a breathing space in his life, and it was too short a time. Harry Dalton, then the Oriole general manager, who was Weaver's patron all along his climb through the minors, offered him the manager's job only three months into the season. "Is that good?" was Marianna's reaction. Earl's was to turn Dalton down flat.

To drive the point home, he got up and started leaving

Dalton's house. Dalton responded with: either be my manager or you're fired as a coach. Weaver started negotiating. He was making \$15,000 as a coach; Dalton offered him \$23,000 to manage. But along with his coach's salary Weaver was pulling down \$7,500, plus playoff money, managing in Puerto Rico. All that would be out the window if he became the Oriole skipper. He was supposed to take a pay cut for more aggravation? Earl says a dirty word, recalling this episode. The only time in his life he had ever taken a pay cut was when he switched from being a hod carrier to being a tax collector for the city of St. Louis. He had frozen his fingers to the bone being a hod carrier in winter, and his infelder's hands were the best assets he had then. That was different. He was not going to take a pay cut just because somebody wanted him to become a major league manager.

"I come out of there with 28," Earl says.

People should remember this, especially those who take things with a grain of salt, who say that Weaver will never quit managing. Sure, maybe he'll lay off for a season after '82, but he'll get tired of golf and selling cars. Besides, he's too record-conscious and too vain ever to pack it in. Earl will be back regularly, like Abe Burrows, getting the call to fix up another Broadway show. And there'll always be a place for Weaver, these people say, because he can manage any kind of club.

Some guys can only manage on top. Durocher, for example, couldn't suffer fools. Some guys are builders who collapse under the pressure that comes with the success they fashioned. Some guys troop the second division, mediocre managers for mediocre teams. Weaver works the other way round, taking the whole season and breaking it down. Hence his devotion to statistics and fundamentals; to forming, and then employing, a total roster; to building a staff, not just a collection of arms. He may be quick to yank a pitcher or pull a hitter, but over the long haul he will ride out a storm with a player. "He's the most patient impatient man I've ever met," says Frank Robinson.

Weaver uses himself the same way he uses the team. "Earl's aggressive and confident," says Dalton, now the general manager at Milwaukee, "but when he wants to be, on any given day, he can be arrogant, cocky and hostile. He takes on the personality he feels necessary for the situation in a particular game."

And he has the courage to take full control of things. No Oriole steals on his own; if Mercury played for Baltimore, he wouldn't have that license. "No matter how hard he tries, how smart he is, no player can ever think about the whole team," Earl says. The year Reggie Jackson played for Baltimore he wanted to run on his own. No Jackson was offended, sure that Weaver didn't trust his judgment. He'd show him.

One day, Jackson was on first base with Lee May, the Orioles' righthanded slugger, at bat against a lefthander. Jackson took off without Weaver's O.K. Bent the throw easy. After May walked and a pinch hitter ended the inning, Jackson came back to the dugout, beaming. See? Weaver scowled. "Yeah, you stole," he said. "That opens first base. The lefthander walks May. Then I've got to bring in a righthanded pinch hitter. I had the gun loaded with May. You

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Weaver *continued*

take the bat out of his hands and make me waste another player. That's what the stolen base got us."

"Yeah, I see," Reggie said. He never again asked to run on his own.

To be sure, the Orioles have usually provided Weaver with good players, but not all managers are capable of manipulating star-studded rosters. And in 1977, with eight rookies on the club, Earl won 97 games, chasing the Yankees to the wire. Many authorities think that was as good a managing job as there ever was. Four times Earl's Orioles have won 100 games. Except for his first season and a half, at Knoxville and Fitzgerald, Ga., he has never had a loser. Only twice in the American League has he come in lower than second—a third and a fourth; the year of the fourth-place finish, the Orioles still won 90 games.

Still, this is all a bit of a caper. Earl has it in perspective. "You got to walk with the Lord, Skip," Pat Kelly, an outfielder and born-again Christian, advised Weaver one day.

"Kell, I'd rather you walk with the bases loaded," Earl replied. He proceeded to expand on this:

"Kell told me one time after he hit a home run that the Lord was looking out for him. I said, yeah, and what about that poor sonuvabitch on the mound who threw you the high slider? We better not be counting on God. I ain't got no stats on God. He knows who's going to win this thing. We're just acting it out so 26 million people will pay to get through them gates.

"People always make a lot about how I don't carry grudges. That's my religious upbringing. I went nine years without missing Sunday school. Lutheran. I can't live with hatred inside of me. That's what I learned. I ain't scared of dying, either."

Baseball is just a game. "There ain't no genius here," Earl says. "Strategy in baseball is overrated. People say, 'That Weaver, he plays for the long ball too much.' You bet I do. Hit 'em out. Then I got no worry about somebody lousing up a bunt. I got no worry about the hit and run—and that's really overrated—I got no worry about base-running errors. And I can't screw it up myself. Just instant runs. You bet Weaver likes the long ball.

"You want to know how you really think as a manager? I'll tell you. Right after we got the house in Perry Hall, I

continued

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had some extra money from managing in Puerto Rico, so me and Marianna decided to get a pool. We got a good pool. Because I'm thinking, a pool's a nice investment. When you sell the house, you're going to get your money back. But when it came time for the indoor-outdoor carpet, I told Marianna to hell with it, it's going to wear out, so get the cheapest stuff. So it wore out, and we got another cheap one. And it wore out. It wasn't till this past year I was confident enough to get a good one."

Earl won his first pennant in 1969, his first full season, and he discovered that he could get \$300 for speaking at a banquet. He made 23 banquets that January, in which there were a maximum of 31 banquet nights. "I wasn't scared of taking over the Orioles," he says. "Almost all players go through the minors. They learned the same things as me. It's the same game. All I was scared about was losing my job. All I'd ever wanted was a job in an organization for life. What was the chance of me staying on this long, getting in the pension? I'll tell you, I sure wouldn't want to do it all over again, because I don't think I'd be so lucky next time."

Weaver's playing career crested in March of 1952 when Red Schoendienst held out, and just to be safe, the Cardinals put this Double A second baseman on their 40-man roster. If they hadn't, Earl could've been drafted by another team, and if Schoendienst had stayed stubborn, the Cards might have needed Weaver. "I was proud they had to protect me," Earl says, obviously still proud. "I had made them protect me, and that meant something. Unfortunately, let's face it, at best I was adequate."

Eddie Stanky was the St. Louis manager that spring. Feisty, combative little pepper pot. He had a new play. If you got caught in a rundown and you were about to be tagged, you would throw yourself at the feet of the tagger, the catcher in this drill, thus bowling him over and helping anyone else who might be on base to advance. This wasn't a drill the taggers had much enthusiasm for, especially because the burly catcher, in his heavy gear, would usually end up on top of them. Guys like Stan Musial kept sneaking to the back of the line. "Hey, you're good at this," Stanky said to

Weaver, and kept him demonstrating. As the catcher kept falling on top of him, Earl began to divine that his role with St. Louis was not a valued one.

By 1955 he was gone, down in A ball again, and it was apparent that the jig was up. That winter he took a job in the management program of a finance company called Liberty Loan. This was going to be a career, just think, if it had worked out, Earl would be keeping stats on dead-beats today. But he decided to play one more summer of ball, and his saogap managerial stint at Knoxville in the summer of 1956 impressed the Orioles. In January 1957, the Baltimore farm director called and offered Weaver \$3,500 to manage Fitzgerald, D ball.

Earl is worn down now from all the years of managing. "Don't forget that Earl has had to win," says Jim Palmer, his friendly nemesis. "Sure the Orioles have had good players, but Baltimore is so small it has to be a winner to draw." Since Weaver took over the Orioles in '68, only one other major league team, the Red Sox, has been higher than .500 every year. And no other team has won 90 games or more as often.

Weaver swears that he isn't tired of the game, but 33 years of it are wearing. The unsettled baseball existence shows on his face. Actually, it's two different faces, the one lined far beyond its years, the other ruddy and bright-eyed and topped with that full helping of salt-and-pepper hair he so admires.

It's not just the pressure in the dugout. There's an old expression in baseball that says day games after night games are the toughest to endure. Earl twisted the real truth into that once. He said, "The hardest thing in baseball is a day game after a day game." He has drunk a lot of gin on his nights off. Hotel rooms are invariably convenient to hotel bars. One of the few rules Weaver has for his Orioles is that the hotel bar belongs to the manager.

Earl's drinking has been the only cause he has ever given his superiors for concern. There was one nasty, publicized incident in 1973 when a Maryland state trooper stopped him for speeding. Weaver called the young officer, whose face had chicken-pox scars, "crater face" and, after giving a statement, pushed the open police-car door so hard that it became unhinged. Usually, though, the drink fosters no such rancor, just larger doses

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of his earliest badinage, louder spoken.

Here is Weaver last year with some friends, dining out in Minnesota, telling tales that get funnier and cruder. Comedy, as Steve Martin has said, is not pretty; Steve, meet Earl. Finally, Weaver rises and, addressing his table (and just about everyone else in the restaurant), inquires, "Where's the — toilet?"

A gentleman at the next table leans over to Earl. "In your mouth, sir," he says.

Those Orioles who don't care for Weaver usually object to two things. One is the publicity, the extra credit he gets. But that's hardly his fault; he can't be blamed for the excesses of the press or for those in his own organization who often sell the product with the manager's name billed ahead of the title of the show: "Come out and see Earl Weaver's Orioles!" Beyond that, it's only his burlesque antics that upset some of the troops.

Yet Weaver is more in control of his temper now than he used to be. To a man, those who have known him a long time declare that he is "mellowing." Always, too, there has been, amid all his barbed criticism, his little-recognized kind and diplomatic side. No one is a greater fan of Weaver than Reggie Jackson, who believes that his excellent '76 season in Baltimore was greatly influenced by the manager's ardor. "Earl makes you think you're better than you are," Jackson says. "He always builds you up. I learned to respect him as a manager and then admire him as a man."

Nor could anyone have been more mature or gracious than Weaver was after the Orioles' defeat in the seventh game of last fall's World Series. On top of everything else, President Carter showed up in the clubhouse, as misplaced as any local pol trying to squeeze into the athletes' limelight. Worse, Carter commiserated with Weaver on the death of Earl's mother. It was, of course, the mother of Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner who had just died. Weaver handled the awkward situation with great sensitivity—as upset as he was in defeat—and is reluctant even to discuss the incident lest it bring more embarrassment to the President.

Mostly, it seems, Earl's extremes are only a matter of his having been in the game for so many years that he no longer remembers where the dugout ends and the rest of the world picks up. There is,

really, no good reason why any manager should hold grudges, because he has the great luxury of having a new game every day, a fresh lineup card to write out. And better yet, there are umpires. If all of us had umpires to scream at, to kick dirt on, we wouldn't have to hold grudges either. Unfortunately, in the rest of society, authority figures must be treated gingerly: either that or you lose your job or get thrown in jail.

Earl is told: all you middle-aged managers look so odd wearing young men's uniforms. "Yeah," he replies, "but I'd look even sillier arguing with an umpire if I were wearing a suit."

See? It isn't the managing that obliges managers to dress in little-boy costumes. It's the arguing. You put on a child's knickers, and you can rant and rave and stay young and healthy. Maybe the reason some umpires are especially hard on Earl is because they understand, somehow, that even if they throw him out, he's using them for his well-being. Can't touch him.

Having been only a minor-leaguer, Weaver probably has an advantage over managers who were more successful as players. Never having been coddled—or been very good, either—Earl naturally thinks in terms of the team. An exchange with the young Bobby Grich best illustrates this. Grich was a heralded Oriole rookie, to be bolstered and stroked, but soon he fell into a slump and Weaver yanked him for a pinch hitter. Grich, angry, slammed his bat down. "How can I get any confidence if you take me out?" he demanded.

Weaver shot back, "I don't give a — if you ever get any confidence. I just need somebody to get me a base hit."

Often as not, the players repay their sarcastic manager in kind or otherwise. Catcher Rick Dempsey hurled his shin guards at Weaver once—and Earl chuckled them back. Weaver and Palmer have enjoyed a running argument for so long that they have become reminiscent of Ralph and Alice Kramden, agreeing only to disagree. "It's his confidence," Palmer explains. "You take somebody like Sparky Anderson. His pitchers can't talk back to him about pitching. The beauty of Earl is, he's not afraid to deal with problems, right out in the open."

For Earl, Palmer is the perfect foil. Palmer made the majors as a teen-ager and has since won more than 200 games. Weaver scratched out a .267 in the low minors. Palmer, an underwear model, is not only tall and handsome, but tanned all over—not the two-tone tan that Weaver and most white ballplayers have.

Look out, Palmer. Earl has hatched a new booby trap. Weaver is sitting in the dugout, smoking a Raleigh, before the game. He's got a good crowd around him. Palmer, unsuspecting, comes out. "Well, there he is, folks," Earl rasps, "the great Jim Palmer, winner of 204 games."

Palmer stops on the spot. He has bitten. He almost made it, but he's been snared. "Now Earl," he says, "as much as you know stats—it's 227 wins."

Earl blows smoke. "Two-oh-four since '68," he says. "I only count the — ones you win for me." Palmer smiles, shaking his head in admiration.

This isn't to say Earl wins 'em all. One of his most spectacular skirmishes with Palmer took place two seasons ago when Juan Beniquez, whose average then was what the players call an Interstate figure (in low numbers), blooped a damaging handle-hit double off a Palmer fastball. In the dugout after the inning, as Palmer posed by, Earl rasped out of the corner of his mouth, "The rest of the — league is throwing sliders to — .167 hitters."

Palmer blew up and stomped off toward the clubhouse. Weaver in pursuit jumping up and down like Rumpelstiltskin right after they found out his name. Calm now, Palmer turned and said, "Why, Earl, I've never seen you so tall."

For once, Weaver was unable to utter an appropriate dirty word. Worse, when Beniquez came up later, Earl ordered Palmer's successor on the mound to throw sliders, and Beniquez hit one for a solid triple. "To my great titillation," Palmer says. Earl was so beside himself that the next day he called a special team meeting just to ask one semi-rhetorical question. "How many of you guys don't want to play here?" he inquired. Then, pointing dramatically at Palmer: "Because that one guy over there doesn't want to play here." The whole team was fighting back laughter.

Earl doesn't call many meetings. Here is the folk wisdom on that: "If you're winning, there ain't no — reason to call a

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meeting. If you're losing, and you call a meeting, and you lose again, then what the — are you going to do?" It's also true that he's much harder on a player when he makes a mistake in victory than in defeat. Losing, Earl knows, is frustrating enough. He understands.

Beneath it all, he loves ballplayers. Adores them. God knows he tried long enough to be one himself. Oh, sure, Earl likes playing the diamond genius. If the Orioles lose, say, 6-5, he'll declare, "I got 'em enough runs," without bothering to acknowledge that he pushed the pitching buttons, too. A successful pinch hit? "I had the gun loaded."

But Earl's vanity is properly directed. Some managers are forever in competition with their players. Weaver is never jealous of his troops. Reggie Jackson was not Earl's rival when he was with the Orioles, but a loaded gun in Earl's belt. So what if the players make more money? "They got their agents, I got mine," Weaver says. Fight one of them? They're younger and bigger—"I'd probably get killed." Earl doesn't want to be the best Oriole or the most famous Oriole. He wants to be the best manager, the most famous manager. They all need each other. Or, as Earl said once, "In order to do what we have to do, we have to keep doing what we've done in the past."

The 1979 Series belonged to Earl—until the fifth or sixth game. Till then nobody even knew there was a fellow named Willie Stargell in uniform. For that matter, until the fifth or sixth game, nobody was altogether sure there were two teams playing, inasmuch as the Series seemed to consist largely of Earl pushing buttons and kibitzing with the press.

There was something wonderful about him. He worked. In a world gone haywire, jenderless, Earl was a genuine pilot, a skipper. Somewhere, at least, somebody was in charge. "I had the gun loaded," Rightthanders. Southpaws. Kiko Garcia. Earl Weaver for President. There was, in fact, a certain Trumanesque quality to him. He had simple reasons for what others wanted to complicate. He put salt in his beer. He talked normally to Howard Cosell. Hey, it's all Elmer. Even when he lost, which he did with dignity, there was left the impression that he

hadn't been beaten, but that fate had interceded against him. Weaver is the guy who once, at the conclusion of a rhubarb, picked up third base and departed with it, right? Yep. Top that. In all your life, with all its frustrations, how many times did you want to walk away with so to speak, third base? Well, Earl did it.

His discovery by the world at large was a bit belated, but the delay was understandable. His first three Series belonged to others: the Mets owned the world in '69; '70 was a private recital by Brooks Robinson, '71 by Roberto Clemente. Moreover, in those early years of his reign, nobody could look beyond the Robinsons, Boog Powell, the myriad 20-game winners. Weaver was dismissed as a mere retainer, an organization man. Now that there are people who claim Weaver is overrated, it's hard to recall that for so long he was overlooked.

His early triumphs also came at a time when the Yankees were down and the National League was thriving, and so a disproportionate amount of attention was devoted to the other league. More than that, baseball was out of fashion. Vietnam and crime in the streets seemed to stimulate interest in sports of speed and authorized violence. But baseball is a slower, more convivial exercise, full of numbers and banter and second-guessing. Earl is just right for the game. The other famous manager of these times, Billy Martin, is forever getting involved in controversies that have nothing to do with the sport itself. Earl, on the other hand, is only incidentally the manager of the Orioles. He is The Manager. Earl Weaver is Baseball.

Yet, oddly, the question that has begun to surface about Weaver is one that usually pops up in other sports with fewer games: Why can't he win the big one? Weaver has lost three of the four World Series he has been in, two in the seventh game; and he dropped the only one of his six American League playoffs to go the full five games. His teams have blown early advantages in all three Series and both playoffs that the Orioles have lost, but they've never come from behind to win a postseason series. Is there a flaw? Does Weaver somehow fail to rise to the occasion after going at such an intense pitch all year? Does he overmanage in a crisis? Does he, in fact, panic? Why start Cy Young winner Mike Flanagan in the

fifth game last October when the Orioles were ahead 3-1 and Flanagan pleaded he was too tired to pitch?

Weaver has reasons. Always, he says, have a reason. In Flanagan's case, he had Palmer and Scott McGregor waiting. Three chances to win one game with Flanagan, Palmer and McGregor. How could he know the whole team would stop hitting, would get impatient, would start swinging at bad 2-0 pitches, grounding the other way, instead of waiting the Pirates out? Yeah, but who got impatient first? Who sent Flanagan in for the kill before he was ready? And how, if only subconsciously, did this affect the players and Weaver? Certainly, they—and he—might not believe he is a genius, but such is his aura that when he makes a mistake, it looms large. Something has gone wrong.

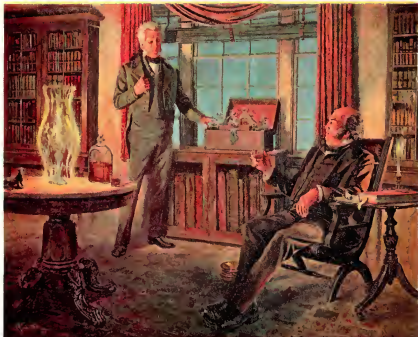
By the end of the Series, Weaver was whipped. The man who thrives on enthusiasm was nearly defeatist for public consumption and frankly so in private. "I don't have a good feeling about this one," he allowed grievously just before the seventh game.

Even then it was close. If McGregor doesn't throw the high curve to Stargell for the home run, the Orioles might win it, 1-0. They do that, maybe they don't start bad this year. Win the Series, there'd be no questions, no doubts. *There'd be*, instead, talk of dynasty, of the Orioles' having the momentum coming into the '80s. Momentum beats reasons. Momentum is next to godliness. Instead, the Orioles seemed unsure of themselves. Did something happen? Did they stop believing in themselves when they blew the 3-1 lead? Did they stop believing in Weaver?

Significantly, perhaps, Weaver began to grouse that 1980 was starting to remind him of '72. That was the season after the Orioles traded Frank Robinson and nobody could hit. It was also the year after the Series in which they blew a 2-0 lead in games to Pittsburgh and lost it all in the seventh game at home. In '72 Earl's Orioles had their worst record ever (80-74).

The main difference is that in '72 everybody kept saying, Will the Orioles come out of their slump? In '80, people asked: Can Earl bring them out of their slump? Well, can you, Earl?

Earl says a dirty word. It isn't easy being a certified — genius. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 16-22

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

BOWLING—TOM BAKER won his first PBA title with a 211-182 victory over Tommy Martin in the \$40,000 Southern California Open in Houston.

BOXING—ROBERTO OLIVERA won the WBC welterweight title on a unanimous decision over defending champion Sugar Ray Leonard in Montreal, June 10.

SALVADOR—SANCHEZ earned his WBC featherweight crown by stopping Duany "Little Bull" Lopez in the 14th round in Las Vegas.

At the U.S. Olympic Trials in Atlanta, Military Champion JAMES BROAD of Wildwood, N.J. won the heavyweight title by defeating Chris McDonald of Trenton, R.I. The other winners were LEE ROY McILPHEE of Chicago, 176 pounds; CHARLES CARTER of Santa Monica, Calif., 165; JAMES SCHULER of Philadelphia, 155; DON CLEGG of Fort Worth; MIKE JENNINGS of Memphis, 135; RICHIE HARRIS of Detroit, 132; RICHARD TAYLOR of Charlotte, N.C., 125; JACKIE BLARD of Jackson, Tenn., 115; RICHARD GANCKAL of Pomona, Calif., 112; and ROBERT SHANNON of Orlando, Fla., 106.

GOLF—BOB GILDER shot a 5-under-par 728 to win the \$150,000 Canadian Open at Le Bord, Quebec. He beat Jerry Parr and Leonard Thompson by two strokes.

JENNIFER CARNER beat Jo Ann Washburn by four strokes to win the \$100,000 Lady Kaye tournament in Hershey, Pa. She shot a one-under-par 201.

HARNESS RACING—NAT BROSS, driven by Clint Galbraith, won the \$50,000 W. H. Ross Jr. stakes in Buffalo, N.Y. Bross won the 17th straight victory. The underdog colt posted the one mile in a track record 1:56.5, and finished 8½ lengths ahead of Elbert.

HORSE RACING—GO WEST YOUNG MAN (525-40), Eddie Delahunty up, defeated Refuse by a neck to win the \$400,000 Hollywood Gold Cup in Hollywood, Calif. The 2-year-old stallion was trained in 1985 for the 15 miles.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY UNSEER averaging 153.454 mph in a Ford-Cosworth, won the \$400,000 Pocomo 500 on the 2.3-mile circuit at Lions Ford, Pa. He finished 21.03 seconds ahead of Johnny Rutherford, who was driving a Chevrolet Cavalier.

SOCCER—NASL Soccer is still pacing the league—and the

NSL West—with a 16-3 record, defeated Houston 5-2 with Souder Defender John Ryan scoring two goals, and Dallas 5-0, as Forward Roger Davidson got a goal. The Shaws with Guster Jack Brand's 11th of the season. Tulsa (7-4) maintained its lead in the NSL Cup, but despite a 4-3 knockout loss to Houston, while New York (7-4) stayed atop the NSL East with a 9-0 record. The Cosmos lost their second straight, 2-1, as New England on an overtime free kick by Kevin Beherre coming back to beat Fort Lauderdale 3-0. The Jaws left the Strikers at 11-7, half a game ahead of Tampa Bay in the ASC East. California left behind San Diego 1-1, before Forward Lester Albright, but took point the Surf in a 5-1 triumph. California (5-9) was up in the ASC West at week's end, despite a 3-0 loss to the ASC Central-leading Chicago (13-3).

ASL, in the world's only league games, New York Crusaders defeated Cleveland 2-1, in Defender Reimund Line had two assists, and lost in Miami 2-1. The all-star game in Charlotte, N.C., attracted 8,623 spectators as the league's stars defeated Israel's Yehud 3-0.

TENNIS—TRACY AUSTIN defeated Wendy Turnbull 7-6, 6-2 to win the \$125,000 Grass Courts championship in Eastbourne, England.

BRIAN GOTTFRED beat Sandy Mayer 6-3, 6-3 to win the \$50,000 Surrey Grass Courts tournament in Brighton, England.

TRACK & FIELD—In the first two days of the U.S. Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore., STANLEY FLOYD of Alabama, Gu. won the 100-meter dash. WILLIE BANKS of Los Angeles won the triple jump. MAREN SELZLER of San Jose took the women's 500m, and BOB ANDERSON of Los Angeles placed first in the pole vault on June 22.

OLGA KULRAGINA of the U.S.S.R. established a women's world pentathlon record of 4,835 points, in Moscow. She surpassed the mark set by contemporary N. Sverdlovsk in 1977 by 17 points.

VOLLEYBALL—IVA, On the strength of the .500 winning average of Ed Stevens, Denver (15-4) beat Salt Lake City 12-18, 12-8, 12-6 and Albuquerque 12-15, 12-15, 12-10 and ended the seventh week of play atop the Continental Division. Salt Lake (1-1), which leads the Western Division, then split two matches with the Tucson Sky. The Sky won 12-9, 12-10, 8-12, 12-4 at Tucson but lost 6-4 in a tiebreaker.

WRESTLING—ACQUILITA By a jury in a federal court in Boulder, N. Mex., former U.S. Olympian of New Mexico Wrestling Coach NORM ELLENBERG R. 48, of five counts of mail fraud, one count of wire fraud and one count of interstate travel in aid of racketeering in connection with the alleged falsification of junior-college transcripts of Lobo players (page 8).

ANNOUNCED The manager of First Basemen WILLIE MCOWEY, 42, of the San Francisco Giants, effective July 15, McConery, who won the National League Rookie of the Year in 1959 and the league's MVP in '59 has a career batting average of .270 in 3,581 games with 1,592 RBIs and 121 home runs, which are high for right on the all-time record by Ted Williams. McConery holds the National League career record for grand slams with 18.

DROPPED Because of legal complications, the Oakland Raiders' plans to move from the Oakland Coliseum to the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, which was left vacant by the Rams' decision to move to Anaheim starting with the 1993 season. The Raiders have yet to negotiate a lease agreement with the Oakland Coliseum for the upcoming season.

RETIRED Boston Celtics Guard DON CHANEY, 34, after 10 seasons, on June 19, of the Celtics in Boston. He will be working as an assistant under the Celtics' coach, newly appointed head coach, Scott Roberston.

SENTENCED By a federal court in Brooklyn, former jockey DON ERECO, 58, to 10 years in prison and a fine of \$15,000 for racketeering related to fixing horse races at Aqueduct and Saratoga in 1974 and '75.

DIED Jockey AVELINO (El Perfecto) GOMEZ, 51, from injuries suffered when his mount, Swindler, balked during the Canadian Oaks Stakes at Woodbine in Epsomville, Ontario. The 3-year-old filly snapped her right hind leg on the far turn of the \$112,325 race, missing a pickup with two other horses. In his 37-year career, Gomez, a native of Cuba, had 4,018 wins in 17,041 races, won prizes worth a total of \$1,747,632, and earned the Canadian riding title six times. He was inducted into the Canadian Racing Hall of Fame in 1977.

CREDITS

8—Terry Troilo, 14-18—Manny Mifan 10—Tony Troilo 10—Manny Mifan 14-18—Neil Luten-Troilo 20—Manny Mifan, 21—John Sacco, 22-12—Doug van Andy Hays, 23-12—John Sacco, 24-12—John Sacco, 25-12—John Sacco, 26-12—John Sacco, 27-12—John Sacco, 28-12—John Sacco, 29-12—John Sacco, 30-12—John Sacco, 31-12—John Sacco, 32-12—John Sacco, 33-12—John Sacco, 34-12—John Sacco, 35-12—John Sacco, 36-12—John Sacco, 37-12—John Sacco, 38-12—John Sacco, 39-12—John Sacco, 40-12—John Sacco, 41-12—John Sacco, 42-12—John Sacco, 43-12—John Sacco, 44-12—John Sacco, 45-12—John Sacco, 46-12—John Sacco, 47-12—John Sacco, 48-12—John Sacco, 49-12—John Sacco, 50-12—John Sacco, 51-12—John Sacco, 52-12—John Sacco, 53-12—John Sacco, 54-12—John Sacco, 55-12—John Sacco, 56-12—John Sacco, 57-12—John Sacco, 58-12—John Sacco, 59-12—John Sacco, 60-12—John Sacco, 61-12—John Sacco, 62-12—John Sacco, 63-12—John Sacco, 64-12—John Sacco, 65-12—John Sacco, 66-12—John Sacco, 67-12—John Sacco, 68-12—John Sacco, 69-12—John Sacco, 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FOR THE BIRDS

Sir,

I must object to the way William Nack characterized Whiskey Herzog's Cardinals (They've Committed Cardinal Sins, June 16). As a longtime St. Louis admirer, I will let you in on the scenario for the remainder of the 1980 season: by the All-Star break the Cardinals will be in fourth place (ahead of the Cubs and Mets) and at .500, eight games back. In September their hitting and the addition of two or three pitchers, for which they traded one of their 300 hitters, will put the Redbirds in first to stay. Then, who knows? You can't keep the best "starting eight" in baseball down.

JOHN STEINHARDT
Deport, N.Y.

IT'S NOT THE HUMIDITY

Sir,

I enjoyed your recent story on Steve Balboni (*Hello Balboni, Bye-bye Bull*, June 9), but feel compelled to inform you of an error. You say that Balboni's slugging in his first year at Fort Lauderdale was "remarkable," considering the "heavy summertime air" in Florida. Each baseball season I cringe when I see this common mistake repeated somewhere. Humid air is, in fact, less dense than dry air. That is because in humid air the water molecules displace nitrogen molecules. Since H₂O is lighter than nitrogen molecules, the air is less dense. So home runs should be flying in Florida's "heavy air." If fewer home runs are hit there, perhaps it is because of heavier balls—water added through absorption—or to player fatigue in the hot, humid weather.

STUART R. STARK, M.D.
Decatur, Ga.

THE WURST

Sir,

Judging by the performance of Detroit's professional athletes, I was not at all surprised to learn that Detroit has the biggest hot dogs (Scorecard, June 16). Actually, I suspect the jumbo franks being served are just the Tiger management's subtle way of stuffing us with more of their baloney.

KEN GLINTER
Woodhaven, Mich.

DENTAL WORK

Sir,

Your article regarding the use of a MORA mouthpiece to relieve the head, neck and back pain of competitive athletes suffering from TMJ distress (*Sink Your Teeth Into This*, June 2) neglected to emphasize several important facts regarding the malfunctioning temporo-mandibular joint:

1. A large percentage of our population who are not competitive athletes also suffer similar pain and would benefit from MORA therapy.

2. In many cases, the services of a competent physical therapist can restore the joint to function so that the MORA is not necessary for normal activity.

FRANK J. CARBERRY, D.D.S.
Rochester, N.Y.

WORD PLAY

Sir,

Your picture of Roberto Duran on page 30 of the June 16 issue illustrates exactly what every macho man needs—hairs on his chest.

FRANK R. STANSBERRY
Atlanta



Roberto Duran holds Pedro the punny rabbit.

Sir,

I am curious to know why Curry Kirkpatrick's article on the French Open (*Two Fees on Clay*, June 16) consisted of 1,151 words on the men's tennis and 136 words on the women's tennis.

GEO BRUNS
Sandy, Ore.

GREAT HOSTELRIES

Sir,

I truly enjoyed your article *Reflections of an Older America* (June 16), especially the piece on Greyfield Inn at Cumberland Island. But I take one exception. The soul of Cumberland Island, while not at the Sea Camp visitors' center, isn't at Greyfield Inn either, nor at any other building on the island. As any

backpacker will tell you, the real soul of Cumberland is found along its narrow trails, under live oak canopies, in its cypress marshes, along its eastern shore at sunrise, in the western marshes at sunset when the egrets arrive—in communion with the lizards, squirrels, birds, armadillos and insects who truly own this paradise. This is a part of Cumberland that Greyfield's guests, shuttling around in their Jeeps, seldom see.

BEL CAMPBELL
Decatur, Ga.

Sir,

I was delighted that you included Arroyo's Tanque Verde Ranch. But I was disappointed in your description of Tucson as a "flat, ugly sprawl." As a real Tucsonian knows, the beauties of this city may recede in fact, but we will never let them recede in memory.

DEANE PRATT
Tucson

Sir,

I don't think the folks around Jackson Hole will be so thrilled at Sarah Pileggi's lighthearted mention of snakebite remedies as one of the ingredients of a field pack for that area.

I was born and raised in Jackson Hole, and have hunted and fished over the entire valley and the mountains that surround the valley, and I have never seen a poisonous snake of any kind. Nor have I ever heard of anyone else who has ever seen one.

But Mrs. Pileggi did leave out one of the pack's most important items when she failed to mention mosquito repellent. I have heard that the early settlers in Jackson Hole used to carry Coit 45's to keep the mosquitoes from carrying off the livestock.

HAROLD (TOM) FERRIN
Modesto, Calif.

Sir,

Photographer John Zimmerman has gone to great lengths to make an outstanding picture. He must have moved Jenny Lake to the west side of the Tetons. "Dawn breaks over the Tetons" "your caption reads. When my wife and I sat on the shores of Jenny Lake we would always watch the sun set behind the Tetons.

Please make Zimmerman put the lake back. We liked it better the old way.

TOM BODENBAVE
Lakeview, Minn.

• It's back where it belongs now.—ED

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

Gilbey's idea of a Tom Collins:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Tom Collins, you'll taste the gin, too.

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a red dress, is smiling and sitting at a white wicker table. In the foreground, a large, frosty glass of a Tom Collins drink is being held, garnished with a cherry and a slice of orange. On the table, there is a bottle of Gilbey's Gin, a plate with orange slices, and another glass of the drink. The background shows a window with light coming through.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office.
Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distributors, New York, N.Y.

Smooth taste at its best! The incredible light.

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS 100's

- A light menthol blend.
- Only 9mg. "tar."
- An incredibly smooth taste.



At 9mg. "tar"
we are lighter than all these



20 mg. "tar" 17 mg. "tar" 11 mg. "tar" 11 mg. "tar"

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health